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ILLUSTRATED

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A Paper for Men and Women.

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MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

THE SUBMARINE TRAGEDY.

All Hope Abandoned for
the Doomed Crew.

THE QUEEN'S SYMPATHY.

Thrilling Story of Brave Men
Dying at the Post of Duty.

Although I unfortunately was not at Portsmouth lately to have seen that unlucky submarine boat in which so many brave men have perished I beg you to express my most heartfelt sympathy with all the parents and relations of the victims of this terrible catastrophe.

—THE QUEEN'S MESSAGE.

The worst fears for the fate of the submarine A1 are unhappily realised. On Friday afternoon she was struck by the Cape liner Berwick Castle near the Nab lightship, off Bembridge, in the Isle of Wight.

She sank immediately, carrying to the bottom her crew of two officers and nine men. On Saturday she was located in deep water, and efforts were made to raise her. The hawsers, however, broke, and she will now have to be salvaged by air being pumped into her to cause her to lift.

In our Saturday's issue we printed the following official message, sent out from the Admiralty at 1.15, which sent a thrill of horror throughout the country.

THE OFFICIAL MESSAGE.

The Secretary of the Admiralty regrets to report that intelligence has been received from Portsmouth that Submarine A1 was run down by a liner off the Nab at about 3 p.m. yesterday afternoon and was lost with all hands. Lieutenant Loftus Charles Ogilvy Mansergh and Sub-Lieutenant John Preston Churchill were on board.

From information then to hand it was certain that the entire crew of two officers and nine men had perished.

Their names are:—

Lieutenant Loftus Charles Ogilvy Mansergh.
Sub-Lieutenant John Preston Churchill.
William Dudgeon, petty officer, 1st class, Portsmouth, 123,005.

George Gibson Baker, petty officer, 1st class, Chatham, 158,859.

Nivian William Lake Roberts, petty officer, 1st class, Devonport, 168,656.

William Joseph Parkinson, engine-room artificer, 3rd class, Portsmouth, 268,715.

Clinton Parker Baly, engine-room artificer, 4th class, Portsmouth, 270,491.

Albert Bertram Fleming, chief stoker, Portsmouth, 144,822.

Charles William King, A.B., Devonport, 184,404.

Peter Scott Wallace, A.B., Devonport, 186,888.

Albert Benjamin Ellis, stoker, Devonport, 149,151.

A remarkable feature of the accident is that the Berwick Castle, the South African liner which ran down the unfortunate submarine, was entirely unaware of the death it had unwittingly dealt out.

NO WARNING OF DANGER.

The captain simply reported by signal he had struck what he thought was a dummy torpedo, so that no attempt was made to save life.

However, any attempt would have been unavailing. Once struck, the submarine sank at once to the bottom, carrying down its crew in their grim steel tomb.

It is doubtful if those on board the submarine had any warning of danger or could make any attempt to avoid their sure and sudden fate.

The area of vision by the periscope, the eye of the underwater war boat, is naturally exceedingly circumscribed, and the huge liner ploughing the waters at speed would have been on to them and over them without the slightest warning.

Once struck the submarine would heel over, spilling the gasoline, whose deadly fumes would quickly poison the unhappy crew.

Possibly the boat turned completely over, when the men would be involved in the horrible embrace of running machinery.

Continued on page 2.

THEY DIED LIKE HEROES.



All England grieves for the gallant men of submarine A1 who were sent to certain death beneath the waters of the Solent last Friday by the collision of their little craft with the great South African liner Berwick Castle. Death came to Lieutenant Mansergh and his crew of ten men suddenly, unseen, and by mishap. Nevertheless, they died the death of heroes, doing their duty to their country in a service of extreme hazard and peril.

[Drawn for the "Mirror" from detailed description specially supplied.]

TRAGEDY OF THE SUBMARINE.

Hull Located in 15 Fathoms, but the Hawsers Lose Their Grip.

THE WORST NOW KNOWN.

Continued from page 1.

If the boat was pierced by the shock of the collision the inrush of the sea would mercifully cease the struggles of the victims by the sailors' death by drowning and spare them further agony.

Whatever happened in that fatal moment of impact will never be known with certainty, but the men died at their posts with the conviction they had done their duty.

The boat was, with others of her type, engaged at the time at manoeuvres, and it was some time after the disaster occurred that anyone realised she was missing.

It was thought she had made a prolonged stay under water and would shortly reappear.

As hour after hour went by and she made no signs those in charge of the flotilla began to connect the message signalled by the Berwick Castle with her disappearance.

Soon there became little doubt that a catastrophe had occurred.

All Friday night boats were engaged in the mournful search for our whereabouts. Dragnets swept the sea in hopes of finding some trace, and gunboats flashed their searchlights over a wide area in the vain hope of finding any trace of the crew.

It was not until Saturday afternoon the hull was located in fifteen fathoms of water, and every effort was made to raise her to the surface.

Divers could only work with the greatest difficulty, as tides run strongly off the Nab.

HAWERS SLIPPED.

This, moreover, is the period of spring tides, and divers cannot maintain their positions below except at the short time of slack water when the tides change.

Eventually, however, steel hawsers were passed beneath her and attached at low water to Government lighters, and it was hoped that with the rising of the tide she would leave the bottom, held fast by the lighters.

She could then have been towed into shallow water and eventually into harbour.

The hawsers, however, proved unequal to the strain, although she only weighs 180 tons, and it has now been decided to save her in the usual way by patching her injuries and replacing the water with which she is filled by compressed air.

Fortunately the Belos, a salvage steamer belonging to the Neptune Salvage Company of Stockholm, is on the spot, and Sir John Fisher has engaged this boat for the service. She is fitted with extremely powerful pumps, and can easily carry out the work, but some delay will take place before the divers can effect the necessary temporary repairs to the hull. Should heavy weather arise the work must be delayed for perhaps days. The Channel weather forecast is not, however, unfavourable.

DIVERS MAKE KNOWN THE WORST.

The divers have been able to completely dispel any hope that there can be any survivors. The boat is pierced and full of water.

Moreover, no bodies can be recovered until the craft is finally raised. Not only is the conning-tower securely screwed down from inside, and it would be a task of great difficulty to force an opening; but even if the cover were off the hatchway is not sufficiently large to admit a diver in full dress.

It will probably be several days before the A1 is raised to the surface.

Divers are being sent down to patch over the rent in her side. Air will then be forced into her hull until all the water is drawn out, and as soon as this has been done the submarine will come to the surface through her own buoyancy.

PRIDE OF THE FLEET.

The Navy Mourns the Vessel to Which it Pinned its Faith.

Portsmouth is a town in mourning. On every hand one hears of nothing but the terrible disaster which brought the port defence manoeuvres to such a tragic close.

The disaster to the A1 comes when submarines are at the zenith of their fame. The days when they blindly molested about Portsmouth Harbour are past, and their limited operations at Spithead, which followed as confidence increased, have given place to manoeuvres in the open Channel.

During the Prince of Wales's recent visit to Portsmouth No. A1 was the boat selected for him to undertake his first experience of submarine navigation.

She was in more ways than one the pride of the fleet, being larger than the original Holland design, and embodying many improvements. It is a matter for satisfaction, especially as she forms the model for the other boats building, that she has sunk through no inherent defects, but from a simple accident of the sea, to which all boats of this type are peculiarly liable.

It is claimed that men can live for three days in a submarine, but this can only be if nothing happens to cause the gasoline tank to overflow, when the fumes would quickly prove fatal.

This gasoline is used as fuel for the 160 horsepower four-cylinder Otto engine, which gives the boat a speed of eight knots when travelling on the surface.

When submerged a seventy-horsepower electric motor is brought into use, which drives the boat under water at a speed of seven knots.

The cost of a submarine is under £50,000, a very small sum when it is considered that her natural prey is a battleship costing upwards of a million and a half.

At present there are nine submarines in commission, ten building, and ten more about to be built.

UNIVERSAL SYMPATHY.

ROYAL MESSAGES EXPRESS THE FEELING OF THE NATION.

In all cases of national loss the first expression of sympathy always comes from the King. His Majesty, immediately he became aware of the disaster, dispatched the following telegram to Sir John Fisher:—

Pray accept my deep sympathy at loss of submarine "A1" with all hands, and express the same for me to the relatives of officers and men.

Not less touching is Queen Alexandra's message:—

Although I unfortunately was not at Portsmouth lately to have seen that unlucky submarine boat in which so many brave men have perished I beg you to express my most heartfelt sympathy with all the parents and relations of the victims of this terrible catastrophe.

The Prince of Wales sent the following:—

The Princess and I are terribly grieved to hear of the loss of submarine "A1" and all her crew. We feel this disaster all the more keenly as it is only a week to-day since we were on board her. Please convey our deep sympathy to the relations of officers and men who have lost their lives through this lamentable accident.

DISCHARGING THEIR DUTY.

The Duke of Connaught wired:

So grieved to hear of terrible accident to submarine. Sympathise so much with Navy and friends of those who have lost their lives.

Lord Selborne, First Lord of the Admiralty, sent the following telegram:

I have heard of the loss of the officers and men of submarine "A1" with deepest regret. Express my heartfelt sympathy to Captain Bacon, his officers, and men.

Mr. Arthur Lee, Civil Lord of the Admiralty, took occasion in a speech on Saturday to his constituents at Fareham to voice the general feeling of the country. He said:

The officers and men whose lives were lost laid down their lives for their country in discharging their duty to their country as truly as Nelson did. They were engaged in a hazardous service, and it could only be through men fearlessly running risks such as these that we could learn lessons that would ensure us the victory in the hour of need.

THE ADMIRAL'S SIGNAL.

Admiral Sir John Fisher has himself expressed the feelings of the Navy in the following general signal, which he issued to the Fleet:—

Time has not permitted the Commander-in-Chief until now to explain his great personal sorrow for the grievous calamity that has befallen us.

Practically our gallant comrades died in action: Their lives are not thrown away if we consider their splendid example, cheerful and enthusiastic performance of a duty involving all the risks of war.

Upon the officers and men of the submarine flotilla the disaster has created a profound impression of the dangers which they daily incur in practising war beneath the water.

Amongst them the opinion has always been current that a submarine in action would be a death trap.

BERWICK CASTLE AT HAMBURG.

A telegram from Hamburg states that the Union Castle liner Berwick Castle arrived in the harbour there at four o'clock yesterday afternoon.

The captain and crew declined to give any information regarding the sinking of the British submarine until the local representative of the Union Castle Company had issued a statement.—Reuter.

PROMPT AID FOR WIDOWS AND ORPHANS.

The "Southern Daily Mail," Portsmouth, has opened a fund for the benefit of the relatives of the sailors who have lost their lives in the submarine disaster.

Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Editor, "Southern Daily Mail," Edinburgh-road, Portsmouth, and cheques and postal orders should be crossed National Provincial Bank.

CHEERFUL MR. SULLY.

At the opening of the Cotton Exchange in New York on Saturday, what is described as "a cheerful letter" from Mr. Sully was read, and prices started upward, and finally closed 5 to 70 points up.

Recent losses sustained by Mr. Sully selling his coffee holdings are estimated at half to one million dollars.

Cotton manufacturers say the crash is good for trade, but it will not have much influence on the price of this season's goods.

HOUDINI HURT

BY MALICIOUS REMARKS ABOUT HIS LATEST FEAT.

Yesterday Mr. Houdini came to this office in a state of some indignation.

"I want to make a challenge," he said. "You challenged me. Now I challenge the world." And he handed in the following document, to which we gladly give prominence:—

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD.

London Hippodrome, March 20, 1904.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN!

Since my success in mastering the celebrated *Daily Mirror* Handcuff it has come to my knowledge that certain disappointed, sceptical persons have made use of most unjust remarks against the result of last Thursday's contest.

In particular, one person has had the brazen audacity to proclaim himself able to open the *Mirror* Handcuff in two minutes.

Such being the case, I hereby challenge any mortal being to open the *Mirror* Handcuff in the same space of time that I did. I will allow him the full use of both hands; also any instrument or instruments, barring the actual key. The cuff must not be broken or spoiled. Should he succeed, I will forfeit 100 guineas.

Furthermore, it has reached my ears that people are saying that at the contest I slipped one hand before undoing the *Mirror* Handcuff. I now agree to forfeit a further sum of 25 guineas to anyone who can pick the handcuff within twenty-four consecutive hours with one hand locked in the manacle.

Should anyone accept these challenges, with above simple conditions, they must agree to make the test in my presence.

HARRY HOUDINI.

Mr. Houdini, who brought with him the famous wrestler Georges Hackenschmidt—"to protect me," he explained, with a twinkle in his eye—complained bitterly of the false and spiteful things that are always said about any successful man. "You treated me fair," he said; "I wish everyone would. But I think that'll lock up their jaws. It's clear and straight enough, isn't it?"

He was assured that daylight could not be clearer, and took his leave with a more cheerful countenance. Now for the people who have been opening that handcuff "with their mouths." Let them come forward and do it with their fingers.

£12,000 NOTE CASE RECALLED.

Considerable surprise was expressed in Relford on Saturday at the announcement contained in bills placarded on the walls of the town of the approaching sale of the houses and effects of Mr. Marshall, the chief solicitor in the town.

Mr. Marshall's name came prominently before the public recently on account of his losing £12,000 in banknotes, while stopping at the Métropole Hotel, London. Owing to Mr. Marshall's inability to supply the numbers of the missing notes all efforts by the police to trace them have been unsuccessful.

Mr. Charles Marshall, the junior partner in his brother's firm, was, until his health broke down, an artist of great ability, and years ago was a frequent contributor to "Punch" and other illustrated papers.

TEN MEN IN THE THAMES.

On the river, near Hammersmith Bridge, yesterday an exciting scene was witnessed.

A boat containing five men upset, and the men were picked up by another four-oared boat, but the burden of ten men proved too much for the craft, and they were all thrown into the water.

Cries for assistance from the river and the shore brought out rescuers in the persons of Mr. Jack Biffen, Holder, Cook, and Piercy, who pulled their boats to the spot and got the ten men safely aboard.

The first crew to get into trouble were from Messrs. Peter Robinson's, Oxford-street, and their would-be rescuers were from Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove.

ARSENIC IN PORRIDGE.

Woodbridge, in Suffolk, has been the scene of a remarkable poisoning case.

Two months ago a woman, who was giving up a small general shop, presented a neighbour, Mrs. Callings, wife of the vergier of St. Mary's Parish Church, with some oatmeal in a tin marked "French coffee."

All the family who partook of porridge made from this meal became seriously ill, and one child has died, while two are lying in a critical condition.

The oatmeal has been found to contain arsenic.

The fund for the Union Jack Club now reaches, promised and received, upwards of £29,000.

BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

A.B. Walks Into Our Office and Tells His Own Story.

ACTUAL EXPERIENCES.

Yesterday afternoon an A.B. on leave walked into the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* office and told a simple, straightforward tale of how leave was obtained by scamen from Royal Naval Barracks by a system of bribery.

"Ten days after I came back from my rightful seven weeks' leave after being paid off from foreign station commission, I wished to get off again. I had no claim to it. That did not matter. I'll just tell exactly how I went about the job."

"I filled in a request for leave and took it to the gunnery office to get it signed. It was signed and given back to me. I put the form into the Commander's box."

"Well, in the ordinary course the Commander signs the form and it is taken down to the gate office and placed in the Commander's request book. Then, when the man on leave goes down to the barrack gate at five o'clock in the afternoon the liberty ticket ought to be ready, made out and countersigned by an executive officer, and in possession of a ship's corporal at the gatehouse."

"But when I asked for my 'chit' (i.e., ticket) it was told it was lost. I knew the game. I swore I had put it in properly. 'All right,' said 'crusher,' 'come in here. I went inside and got a new 'chit' made out while I waited. Either this new ticket had been signed in blank by the executive officer, or his signature was forged. I paid a bribe of nine shillings and got leave till the next Friday midnight."

"When Friday came I sent a letter down with a postal order for 3s. 6d. to the 'crusher' and asked for an extension till Monday midnight. A telegram came promptly back, saying, 'Leave all right.'"

A Ten Days' Holiday.

"Thus for twelve and six I had ten days' holiday to which I had no right at all under the regulations. The bribe generally runs to about a shilling a day."

"I should like to mention another point. When I came back from leave, after serving on a foreign station, I paid a two-shilling bribe to escape 'muster bag'—that is, inspection of clothes. My sleeve-stems were two inches below the shoulder, and they ought, owing to a change made while I was away, to have been on top of the shoulder."

"Very well, I paid the two shillings. At next parade up comes the 'crusher,' and claps his tape-measure on me. 'That's not uniform,' says he, pointing to the seams, and puts my name down in the book to go to the tailor's shop to have them altered. But afterwards he took it off for a shilling."

"One day I was walking along the footpath reserved for officers, before I knew it was contrary to regulations. The 'crusher' beckoned me to the gatehouse. According to regulations, he ought to have reported me, and I should have had to wait fifteen days' (that is, you have to wait four hours when other men are free), but I paid him a shilling and was let off."

To-morrow we shall publish a further selection from the numerous letters that have reached us.

GERMANY'S WAR.

Heavy Losses in Fighting the Hereros.

Severe fighting is reported between the German troops in German South-West Africa and the rebellious Hereros tribes.

Thirty-six mounted men, with a large number of officers, encountered the rear-guard of the enemy on the 13th inst., and the latter being suddenly reinforced a heavy engagement ensued, in which the Germans were forced to retreat.

Their losses were heavy; seven officers and nineteen men being killed, and three officers and two men wounded.

SCOUTS SKIRMISHING.

Russia Claims Great Capture of Prisoners.

From St. Petersburg the following telegram was received yesterday:

"There is no change in the situation, all being quiet both on land and sea. Between the Russian line on the Yalu and the Japanese line from Ping-yang to Gensan there have been some slight skirmishes between scouts, but no battle has been fought."

"The distance between the opposing armies is great, the bulk of the Russian forces of the front line not having passed the Yalu."

It is reported that a battle has taken place on the Yalu, in which the Russians claim to have taken 1,800 prisoners.

The news comes from Mukden to Chifu, and is not confirmed.

General Stoessel has issued an order reproving officers for occupying themselves with affairs that do not concern them, and becoming "the echoes of absurd rumours gathered heaven knows where."

He says their duty is not to criticise the superior officers, and he will punish such "harmful officers" within the limits of his authority.

Five hundred Servians and 500 Bulgarians have been accepted as volunteers in the Russian Army.

Conflicting reports abound as to the whereabouts of the Russian warships.

KAISER PRAISES THE "ROCK."

While visiting the signal station on the Rock of Gibraltar on Friday, the German Emperor is reported to have said:—"It has quite reached my expectations; it is grand, like everything English. I am not surprised at Gibraltar's being impregnable."

TO EYE WITNESSES.

The "Daily Illustrated Mirror" invites amateur and professional artists and photographers to send IMMEDIATELY rough sketches and photographs of interesting and important happenings which may come under their notice at home or abroad. All photographs and sketches that are used by the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" will be paid for, but no photographs or sketches will be returned in any event. Express letter delivery or "train parcels" should be used whenever possible. Address:

QUICK NEWS DEPARTMENT,

"Daily Illustrated Mirror,"

2, Carmelite Street, London.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for to-day is: Cusky southerly to westerly winds; unsettled and rainy at first; fair by afternoon or evening; rather cooler.

Lighting-up time: 7.13 p.m.

Sea passages will all be smooth to moderate.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A GLANCE.

Prior to the removal to-day of the remains of the late Duke of Cambridge to Westminster Abbey a private funeral service takes place at Gloucester House. This will be attended by the King and Queen and the other members of the Royal Family. (Page 5.)

Full and thrilling details are at hand of the disaster which befell the submarine A1 near the Nab lightship. Her Majesty the Queen has sent a message of heartfelt sympathy with the parents and relatives of the victims. (Pages 1 and 2.)

Interviewed for the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*, a member of a submarine crew tells of the dangers that are experienced in this type of vessel. (Page 3.)

No great change has taken place in the Far Eastern situation. In a reported victory the Russians claim to have taken 1,800 Japanese prisoners, but this is so far unconfirmed. (Page 2.)

Mr. Houdini offers a hundred guineas to anyone who can open the *Mirror* handcuff, in order to stifle rumours which have annoyed him since his success on Thursday last. (Page 2.)

More actual experiences of bluejackets with the Naval Police are given this morning. Serious allegations of bribery are made. (Page 2.)

There was an exciting scene on the Thames at Hammer-smith yesterday. Five men, upset while rowing, were rescued by the occupants of another small boat. The latter sank, and all were thrown into the water. The men were greatly exhausted when rescued. (Page 2.)

While on a voyage to Southampton the American liner New York met with two mishaps. First she stranded, and later came into collision with a transport off Hurst Castle. In neither case was the damage very serious. (Page 6.)

There has been a tragic turn in the Norbiton mystery. Mr. Spencer Rolfe, father of the child "Poodles," died on Saturday, and it is understood an inquest will be held. (Page 6.)

An old man named Hopkins, awaiting execution in Castlebar Prison for the murder of his son, died in his cell within a few hours of receiving sentence. (Page 6.)

It is reported from the Cape that Mr. Harry Allen, a song-writer and variety artist well known in music-hall circles, committed suicide while on a voyage on the Walmer Castle. (Page 4.)

Pathetic evidence was given at an inquest respecting the death of a City clerk who, at the age of twenty-one, took poison because he was in the hands of a broken-down old man. (Page 6.)

High prices were realised at a picture sale in London on Saturday, when five of the most important in the collection sold for over £15,000. (Page 11.)

Tunbridge Wells was the scene of an exciting hunt for an escaped prisoner. Breaking away from a constable, the offender was only recaptured after a long and exciting chase along a railway line. (Page 6.)

Judgment was given against the Marquis of Huntly in the High Court on Saturday in respect of an action to recover £75 on a cheque. (Page 6.)

Mr. Justice Darling on Saturday concluded the hearing of the breach of promise action brought by Mrs. G. A. Frasier, a widow, against Mr. J. O. Spindelow, a verdict being returned for the plaintiff, damages £600. (Page 6.)

"In about a fortnight's time" is the date now suggested for carrying into effect the idea that the ladies of the City Temple choir shall wear white surplices and college caps. (Page 4.)

Attention has been called to the pressing nature of the housing problem in London by Mr. Arnold White. Some remarkable assertions are made in connection with the matter. (Page 11.)

To-day marks the opening of the flat-racing season at Lincoln, concerning which a special article appears in this issue. (Page 13.)

Bolton Wanderers defeated Derby County (1-0), and Manchester City accounted for Sheffield Wednesday (3-0), in the semi-final round of the F.A. Cup on Saturday. The Rugby International between England and Scotland at Edinburgh ended in a victory for the latter by 3 points. (Page 14.)

Saturday would have been dull on 'Change but for the appearance of the Irish Land Loan, which was well received. Consols remained rather depressed. The failure of Mr. Sully, the Cotton King, excited little comment. There was again a firm tone in the foreign market, while London dock shares remained strong. (Page 15.)

To-Day's Arrangements.

Opening of the Flat Racing Season. The Archbishop of Canterbury attends and addresses the annual meeting of the Charity Organisation Society, Royal United Service Institution, 4.30.

Lord Alverstone presents Sir Seymour King, M.P., with his portrait as first Mayor of Kensington, subscribed for by members of the borough council.

Removal of the body of the late Duke of Cambridge to Westminster Abbey from Gloucester House.

Concert in aid of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, at the Acolian Hall, New Bond-street, 8.30.

Royal Geographical Society: Dr. Otto Nordenskiöld on "The Swedish Antarctic Expedition," 8.30.

Tariff Reform League Women's Branch: Sir Vincent Calliard on "How shall we consolidate the Empire?" 8.30.

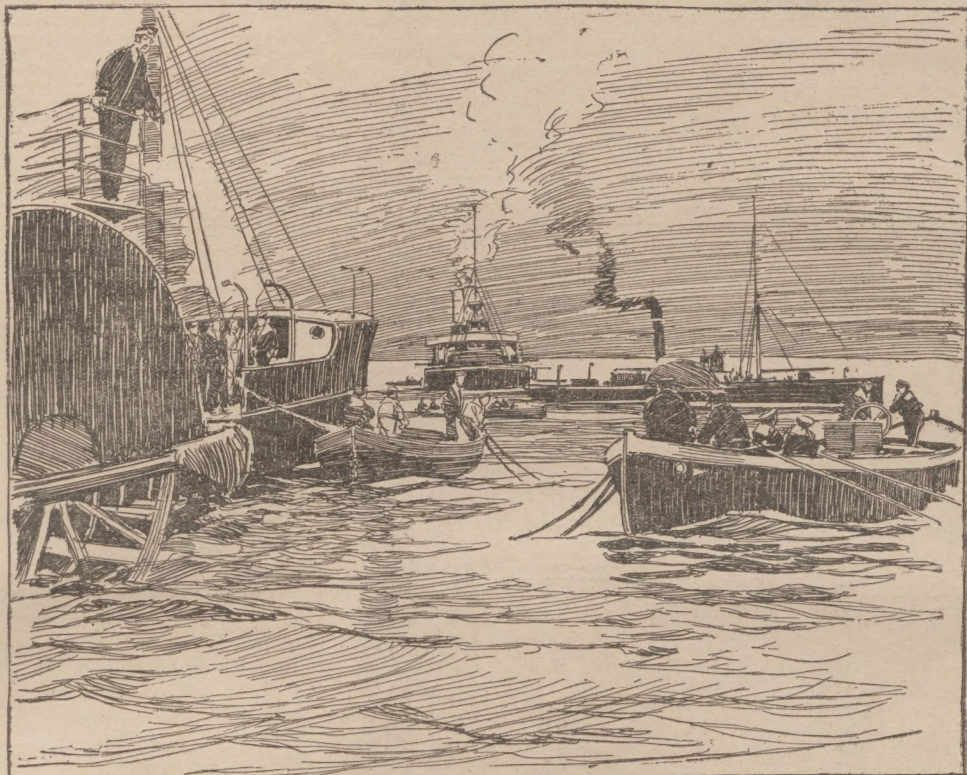
St. Peter's Institute, Buckingham Palace-road, 3.

The United States Ambassador is presented with the Freedom of Edinburgh.

Funeral of Sir Walter Sandell: Service at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington, 2.30. Clergy-green, 8.30.

Association Football: Wales v. Ireland, Bangor. Tennis: The Amateur Championship begins, Queen's Club, West Kensington.

GRAPPLING FOR THE LOST SUBMARINE.



Late on Saturday night, thirty-six hours after the disaster, a salvage firm, aided by Government vessels, succeeded in grappling the A1 in the deep water in which she lay off the Nab lightship. Unfortunately, the hawser broke and operations had to be suspended. [From the sketch of a naval officer.]

LIFE IN A SUBMARINE.

Racks the Nerves and Makes the Bravest Men Feel Qualms.

Interviewed by a *Mirror* representative, one of the crew of a submarine said on Saturday:—

"The public have no conception of the risks we run nor of how dearly we earn the extra half-crown per day which is paid us for manning these boats."

"One's first sensations when going down in a submarine are almost indescribable. There is a feeling of suffocation that almost overcomes one; the gasoline fumes have to be fought against, and until they are overcome one is dazed and only half-conscious of what is going on."

"Perhaps I cannot describe the feeling better than by saying it gives you the impression that you are sinking into your grave."

"You get impressed with the maddening idea that the boat will not rise again, and it needs a

strong man to combat such a sensation as this and overcome it."

"It is not until you have made many descents that you are able to go down without experiencing these qualms."

"As soon as the boat begins to dive imagine being inclosed in a big steel shell so tightly battened down that escape is impossible no matter what goes wrong, half smothered by the oppressive fume-laden atmosphere, yet thoroughly conscious that the slightest mishap will be fatal to the crew."

"No one who has not actually experienced it can fully realise the sensation."

"Those who would not feel the slightest fear of being battened down in a submerged torpedo flat, or an engine-room, or of being locked up in a casemate in the hottest action imaginable, will yet find the nerve-trying experience of diving in a submarine."

"In a big ship, no matter whether you are above the armoured deck or below it, you feel you have

some sort of a chance; but in a submarine you know you have none, and no matter how stout-hearted you may be this knowledge must have its effect upon you."

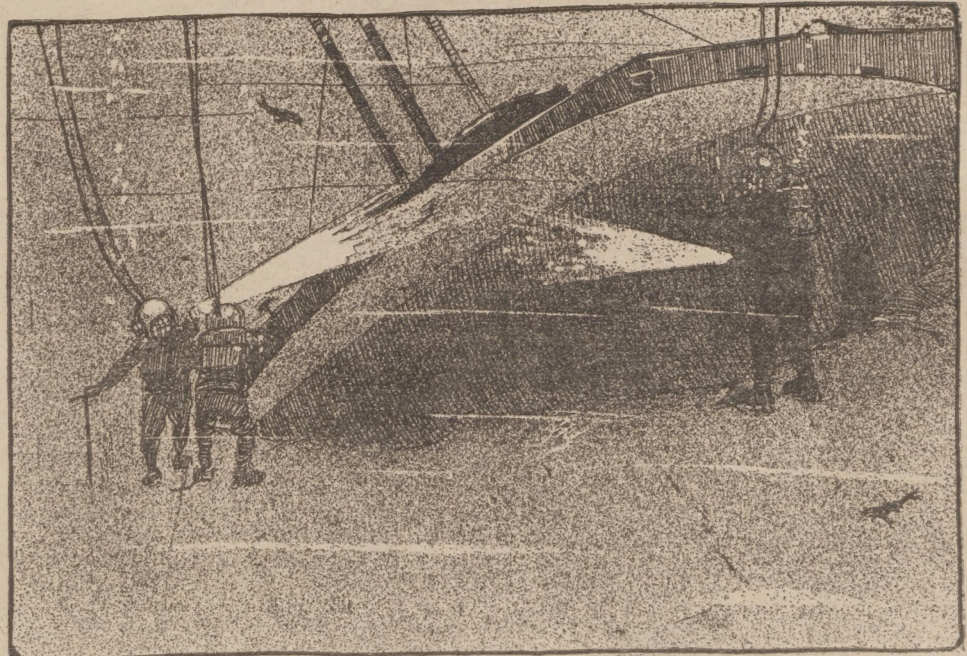
"After last Friday's catastrophe what little confidence men had in submarines will be lost, and the Admiralty are likely to experience difficulty in getting crews for these craft."

Admiral Sir John Fisher has issued the following, which refers to the manoeuvres in which the ing:—

The Commander-in-Chief cannot delay expressing his admiration of the manner in which the officers and men of the submarine flotilla have carried out the recent manoeuvres. As the risks have been those which usually are incurred only in war, the pluck and endurance which have been shown leave nothing to be desired; but it is only what the Admiral expected in view of the incessant day and night work they have gone through. The officers and men are to be granted fourteen days' holiday as soon as convenient.

This signal is to be read to all the officers and men of the submarine flotilla.

NO SIGN OF LIFE WITHIN.



Divers on Saturday examined the hull of the sunken submarine, attempting to discover whether any sign of life could be discerned within the iron tomb. A hole in the bow was, however, only too sufficient evidence of the fate which had overwhelmed the imprisoned crew.

[Drawn for the "Mirror" from details of the disaster supplied by our special correspondent.]

£70 MOTOR CAR,

And Many Much Dearer, at the
Islington Show.

Owing to the fact that exhibitors were unable to get to work on their stalls before Wednesday the motor show which opened at the Agricultural Hall on Saturday did not represent a very complete or finished appearance. Workmen were still busy at many of the stands, and in some cases cars and other exhibits had not arrived. In spite of this drawback, however, the recent comprehensive exhibition at the Crystal Palace, from the cata-

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

The National Cycle Show is to be discontinued. Sir Cavendish Boyle, Governor of Newfoundland, has been appointed Governor of Mauritius.

Sir Donald Currie's condition improves slowly, and he is at present only able to leave his bed for an hour or two each day.

Mr. John Hill, delegate to the Boilermakers' Society, has been chosen as Labour candidate for the Govan Division of Glasgow.

The opening of the new wing of the Law Society's Hall, in Chancery Lane, by the King, which was postponed on account of the death of

The Grand Duke Mecklenburg arrived in London from the Continent yesterday.

Through the bursting of a shrapnel shell at Rathcoursey, Midleton, on Saturday, a naval pensioner named Daniel Driscoll was killed.

The Pope has granted to England a dispensation from abstinence—but not from fasting—on Friday next, the Feast of the Annunciation.

In view of to-day's debate in the House of Commons on the Chinese Labour Ordinance, copies of a resolution passed by the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches condemning

COMEDIAN'S SUICIDE.

Mr. Harry Allen Jumps Overboard Off the Bay of Biscay.

A communication dated from the Tivoli Music Hall, Cape Town, South Africa, has just been received in London announcing the suicide of Mr. Harry Allen, a song-writer and variety artist.

The letter is from Mr. Will Haines to Mr. Tom Mellor, both connected with the music-halls, and reads as follows:—

A very sad thing took place on the Walmer Castle when our old friend Harry Allen jumped overboard a few days before the boat landed. The pro's tell me that he became suddenly insane soon after the boat passed the Bay of Biscay, and that he threatened to take his life once or twice.

I say the same as you, take life as easy as possible, for we are not here for long. Poor old Harry. R.I.P.

Mr. Allen was travelling with a company to tour in South Africa, and with him were his wife and child.

CHOIR GIRLS IN WHITE.

The Change Not Yet Adopted at the City Temple.

Many members of the great congregation at the City Temple yesterday were disappointed to find that the ladies of the choir did not wear white surplices and college caps.

For some weeks now, following Mr. Hawes's example, this innovation has been promised. But, as a *Mirror* representative was informed, neither the surplices nor the mortar boards have been delivered yet.

"In a fortnight's time," said the official of whom inquiry was made.

Meanwhile, it is not surprising to learn that the change does not meet with the unanimous approval of the congregation. Hitherto, from time immemorial, the ladies of the choir have been accustomed to take their places in the gallery below the organ, wearing their most fashionable hats and becoming gowns.

Now it is decreed that they must appear in somewhat staid and academic robes. Moreover, in the opinion of some, the change leans a little too much to the side of ritual to be in complete accord with the Free Church conscience.

Mr. Campbell himself, we understand, feels that as the choir takes a prominent part in the service, its lady members might not unfittingly be garbed according to the correct conventional style.

Their appearance in the becoming uniform of the Church would be more dignified and harmonious than might be the case if a diversity of opinion occurred among them regarding various styles and colours in vogue.

Three thousand men are under notice in the Birmingham bedstead trade, the masters being determined to abolish the 15 per cent. bonus which was granted during the period when the Bedstead Trade Alliance existed.

In consequence of the failure of "Love's Carnival" at St. James's Theatre the successful run of "Old Heidelberg" will be resumed to-morrow evening. The last performance of "Love's Carnival" will be given this evening.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE SINGING BIRD.



Mr. Sydney Buxton, M.P., is promoting a Bill to render illegal the use of a cruel trap for catching English song-birds. No less cruel is a method, shown in our sketch, by which wire is twisted round the wings and over the breast of a decoy bird, causing it to flutter in agony until it attracts the attention of its fellows, who are then netted by the snarers.

(Sketch in *Surrey* on Sunday by a "Mirror" artist.

logue Messrs. Cordingly appear to have brought together a very representative collection.

Among the features which are likely to attract attention are the new 20-h.p. Hutton car, which had only just come from the works; the 20-h.p. Hotchkiss, exhibited for the first time in England; and some examples of the very cheapest type of motor-car yet manufactured; while in the gallery the Aero Club have assembled an interesting exhibit of various dirigible balloons and airships.

The special point claimed for the Hutton car is a universal gear by means of which any speed from zero to about forty-five miles an hour can be maintained by operating a valve on the steering wheel. Another novel feature is the brake, which is controlled on the hydraulic system, oil being utilised to obtain pressure. These and other innovations will be introduced into the Hutton racers which are being built for the Gordon-Bennett trials.

The Cheapest Cars.

The Hotchkiss car, which emanated a couple of years ago from the famous gun factory, is fairly familiar to Parisian motorists.

Its construction differs materially from all the more familiar makes in that bevel gearing is employed by means of a direct central shaft. In order to obviate friction every part runs on ball bearings. Throughout hardened nickel steel is employed in the construction, which, it is claimed, gives greater resistance and more flexibility.

At the stand of the British Automobile Syndicate some of the new Panhards with separate cylinders are shown, while M. Weigel has in addition an example of the Vanderbilt coupé on a Talbot car, the arrangement of the door in front avoiding the necessity of an inconvenient length of chassis, hitherto a drawback in this type. An interesting exhibit also is the 60-h.p. Mercedes, embodying all the improvements adopted for 1904 by the Cannstatt firm.

Perhaps the exhibits which will prove most interesting to the uninitiated visitor will be found among the cheap cars. The most striking of these is probably the double-cylindrical two-seated 7-h.p. Star, which sells at £175. At this price several prominent makers are turning out reliable cars of the one-cylinder type. But prices range still lower than this, for a little two-seated vehicle, entitled the Ludgate, is quoted at £70, an extraordinary figure for an actual motor-car. Its makers claim that it will be found thoroughly reliable with a speed up to twenty-five miles.

CITY CORPS OF SAILOR VOLUNTEERS.

On Saturday evening the banqueting hall at the celebrated Ship and Turtle, in Leadenhall-street, E.C., became for the nonce the messroom of the 2nd Company of the Royal Naval Reserve Volunteers.

A *Mirror* representative ascertained from an instructor that the Government, realising the value of a corps of intelligent volunteers, are not cramping their efforts to become proficient by asking them to drill with obsolete weapons, and, concluded the Instructor proudly, you will not find a smarter body of men in the whole of his Majesty's Navy than our City sailors.

Isaac Charles Vingley, aged seventy-seven, a popular operatic singer, known as Charles Durand, died suddenly on Saturday in London.

Mr. H. Fletcher Moulton's residence at Cromwell-road, South Kensington, caught fire on Saturday night, and much damage was done to the ground floor.

the Duke of Cambridge, will be performed by his Majesty, who will be accompanied by the Queen, on Wednesday afternoon next at 3.15.

Several passengers were injured in a collision on the Paris Metropolitan Railway at Port Maillot terminus yesterday afternoon.

The "Matin" states that there are more than four hundred cases of typhus in the Paris hospitals at present.

General Hildyard left Southampton on Saturday to take over command of the troops in South Africa.

Her Majesty the Queen, it is hoped, will open the new extension of the Children's Hospital, Hackney-road, in June next.

Live shell practice is to take place on Salisbury Plain artillery range during the period extending from April 1 to September 30.

By a fire which broke out early yesterday morning the United Methodist Free Church at Seaham Harbour was entirely destroyed.

In the hospitals of the Metropolitan Asylums Board seventy-one persons are under treatment for small-pox.

The wife of Dean Gregory, of St. Paul's Cathedral, died on Saturday, aged eighty. The funeral will take place at St. Paul's on Wednesday.

For embezzling £2,200 entrusted to him, Hugh Macdonald, an Aberdeen solicitor, was on Saturday sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

Lady Wigan has arranged a drawing-room sale of work to be held at Clare Lawn, East Sheen, next Thursday, to help the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children.

Ample and admirable facilities are being offered by the Great Central Railway to those desirous of spending Easter at places reached by their picturesque route.

At Saturday's meeting of the Metropolitan Asylums Board the tender of Messrs. Vickers, Sons, and Maxim for building a new training ship Exmouth for £55,525 was accepted.

Three women and two men were rescued from the upper windows of a burning building in Dean-street, Soho, yesterday morning. The rescue was effected by the fire-escape from Dean-street amidst great excitement.

On the River Tay yesterday an engineer, named Seaton, was drowned by a squall upsetting his boat. Two of his companions drifted on the upturned boat, and saved themselves by life buoys suspended from Tay Bridge.

Speaking at Manchester yesterday, Mr. J. Redmond, M.P., said if they managed the Irish vote skilfully they might put the two parties in opposition to offer them alternative schemes of Home Rule.

From Salonika it is stated a small quantity of explosives accidentally exploded in the cellar of a shop which a Bulgarian tenant lately vacated. No one was hurt. On Thursday night the Greek schoolmistress of Ghevgheli was murdered by Bulgarians in her own house.

Mr. Helby informed the Metropolitan Asylums Board on Saturday that the expenditure for imbeciles must increase. Children of five years were admitted into asylums, and many remained during the whole of their lives. Several inmates were over ninety years old.

the Ordinance have been sent to every member of the House of Commons.

"Vendetta," a new five-act play, will be produced for the first time at Kennington Theatre on Monday next.

There are now 5,136 members of the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland, an increase of 2,048 on the corresponding period last year.

Mr. John Vincent Shaw, of Woodville, Inglemere-road, Forest Hill, was thrown from his motor-tricycle by a dog in Beckenham on Saturday and killed.

THEY WILL WEAR SURPLICES.



The Rev. R. J. Campbell, of the City Temple, promises that in two weeks' time the lady members of his choir will appear in this quiet, academic dress, the uniformity of which is expected to add dignity to the service. But some people say "Ritual!"

(Drawn from details supplied to the "Mirror".

FUNERAL PAGEANT.

Last Solemn Tribute to the Late Duke's Memory.

Great interest is being taken in the arrangements for the funeral of the late Duke of Cambridge. Immense crowds are expected to witness the solemn procession from the house to the Abbey to-night, and from the Abbey to Kensal Green cemetery to-morrow.

To-night, prior to the removal of the remains of the late Duke of Cambridge to Westminster Abbey, a private funeral service will be held at Gloucester House.

At this service their Majesties the King and Queen and other members of the Royal Family will be present.

To the Abbey.

Subsequently, the remains of the Duke will be conveyed on a gun carriage provided by X Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery, escorted by a squadron of Royal Horse Guards and accompanied by a bearer party of colour-sergeants and sergeants of the Grenadier Guards, from Gloucester House to Westminster Abbey.

There the body will be received by a guard of the Grenadiers, and carried by the bearer party to St. Faith's Chapel, where it will be guarded throughout the night.

The coffin, which is of similar design to that used at Queen Victoria's funeral, is an oak casket with three massive handles of burnished brass on the panels at each side, with a prince's coronet and the crossed batons of a Field-Marshal surmounting the memorial plate.

The Highest Honour.

To-morrow morning it will be placed in the Abbey on the exact spot on which the King stood to receive the homage of the peers at his coronation—this being the highest honour which can now be rendered the dead Duke.

At eleven o'clock the Abbey memorial service will be held. The Guards will line the nave of the Abbey, and there will be an imposing array of military and naval officers, and as soon as his Majesty the King has entered the Abbey the service will be opened.

Service in the Abbey.

The Abbey service will probably be conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury. All the members of the Royal Family will attend, with his Majesty as chief mourner. The Kaiser and the Austrian Emperor will both be represented.

After the service, which will last about an hour, the casket will be placed on a gun-carriage, and with all the imposing ceremonials due to his rank and honour the venerable Duke will be borne to his last rest and laid by the side of his beloved wife in the Cambridge mausoleum at Kensal Green Cemetery.

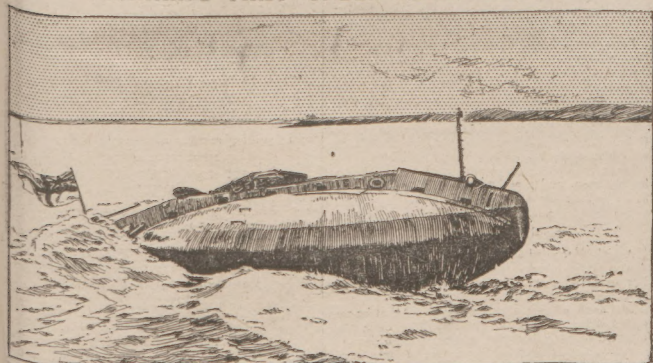
Procession's Route.

The route of the procession to Kensal Green Cemetery has been fixed as follows:—

Parliament-street. Whitehall. The Horse Guards. The Mall. Constitution Hill. Hyde Park Corner. Hyde Park. Serpentine-road. Victoria-gate. Westbourne-terrace. Harrow-road. Cemetery (Main Gate).

Along this route, which is almost six miles in length, troops will be extended. The procession will be an exceptionally brilliant one, for, although

BRITAIN'S FIRST UNDER-WATER CRAFT.



Some idea of the rapid advance of the submarine may be gathered from this picture, which shows the launch of the first of these vessels to bear the English ensign. It was like a blind whale compared with the present well-equipped craft. [Drawn for the "Mirror" from a photo by Vickers, Son, and Maxims.]

It is probable that the regulations which lay it down that a Field-Marshal's funeral shall be attended by eight squadrons of cavalry and six battalions of infantry will not be adhered to, still all the cavalry available and six battalions of infantry will be in attendance, besides detachments from all the regiments and corps with which his late Royal Highness was associated.

There will be eighteen pall-bearers, selected from the most distinguished military officers and including all the Field-Marshal's who can attend.

The King as Chief Mourner.

The King's place in the procession will be in an open carriage close behind the gun-carriage bearing the Duke's remains. Of the rest of the Royal Family, only the male members will proceed to Kensal Green. Behind the royal mourners will come the Staff of the Fourth Army Corps and the newly-constituted Headquarters Staff. Following these will be the massed bands of the Brigade of

Guards, playing the "Dead March" in Saul, and then the line of troops with guns reversed.

The Duke's coronet and baton, his insignia of the Garter and Bath, and his many orders and decorations will be carried on ermine cushions by two military officers.

Minute-guns will be fired by the X Battery of the Royal Horse Artillery in St. James's Park, the first being fired as the cortege starts from Westminster.

When the procession moves off from the Abbey, marching in slow time, the bands of the brigade of Guards will commence to play Chopin's Funeral March. As soon as the procession has passed through the Horse Guards archway, it will move forward in quick time, and will thus proceed until the cemetery gate is reached, when the bands will resume playing the Funeral March.

The troops will then make way for his Majesty and other mourners to pass into the cemetery, and will remain until the King emerges on his return to Buckingham Palace.

A firing party of two officers and twenty-five men will be furnished by the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, and after they have fired three volleys over the grave and presented arms, "The Last Post" will be sounded by the massed buglers of the Brigade of Guards. Fifty seats have been reserved for peers, and

fifty for members of the House of Commons, for the funeral service in the Abbey to-morrow.

These do not include those reserved for Cabinet and ex-Cabinet Ministers, and application for tickets should be made to the Lord Chamberlain.

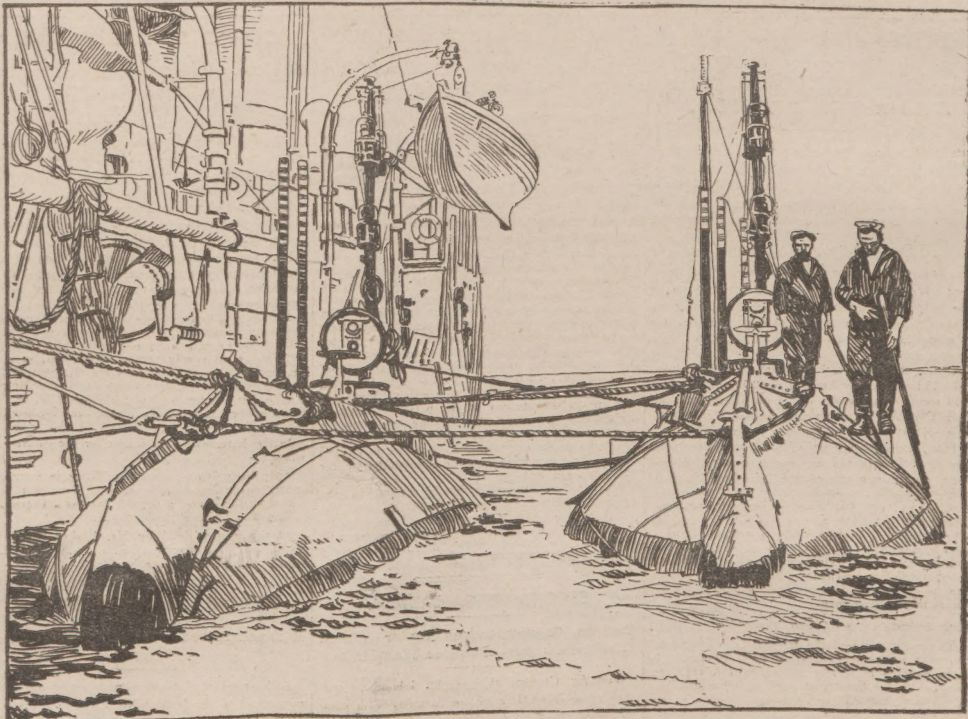
At Christ Church, Newgate-street, to-morrow, at 1 p.m., a memorial service will be held, to which Old Blues and any who were associated with the late Duke in the affairs of Christ's Hospital are invited.

By order of Lieutenant-General Sir J. French, a memorial service will be held at noon to-morrow at St. George's Military Church, Aldershot.

At Christ Church, Down-street, Mayfair, a memorial service will be held to-morrow at 11 a.m. All Souls' Cemetery, Kensal Green, will be entirely closed to the public to-morrow.

Mr. and Mrs. Chamberlain arrived at Palermo yesterday on a visit to Sicily.

THE EYES OF OUR SUBMARINES.



By the use of tall periscopes (outlines of two can be seen in the above drawing), the men in the engine room of a submarine can see as far as if they were on deck. Naval experts are anxiously awaiting the answer to the question, "What blinded the eye of the A1?" [photo by Stephen Cribb, Southsea.]

ARTIST-MAGISTRATE.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert's Recreations in Retirement.

In his beautiful home at Grim's Dyke, Harrow Weald, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the greatest librettist of the age, lives in retirement the life of an English country gentleman. There he is surrounded by scenes of such sylvan simplicity that it is next to impossible to realise that the life and bustle of the Marble Arch are no more than fifteen miles away. At home, Mr. Gilbert is no longer the creator of scenes and sentences that have set two hemispheres laughing; he is, from choice, the country squire, and in filling that rôle does not shrink the duties attendant upon the office of Justice of the Peace.

He is one of the most regular attendants at the weekly sittings of the Edgware Bench, and his seniority among his colleagues very frequently places him in the chair. When not in that responsible position, Mr. Gilbert often beguiles the

traveller's own drawings, made on the foolscap provided for the purpose of taking notes.

Of this class is the outline of a face of a typically criminal character, beneath which Mr. Gilbert wrote the terse memorandum: "Two months' h.l.," is that of a man who was sent to prison with hard labour for the period indicated, for having stolen a pair of ducks. Now and then, Mr. Gilbert turns his attention to the court officials, and the result of one such occasion is often a wonderfully accurate and true-to-life portrait.

Once at least the sketches have been known to lapse into reminiscence, and the face at the head of our second series of pictures is a reproduction from memory of one of the illustrations to the



To beguile tedious moments on the bench, Mr. W. S. Gilbert, the famous Savoy librettist, amuses himself by making character sketches of the people who come before him as prisoners or witnesses.



Readers of "Bab Ballads" will recognise the fact that the pen which drew the amusing little illustrations to those delightful verses has not grown rusty. Mr. Gilbert thus adds gaiety to the judicial function which he exercises so well.

"Bab Ballads." Occasionally, note-taking and sketching are mingled on one sheet, as when Mr. Gilbert made the portrait of a prisoner and notes on his crime and its punishment.

In making this mem. the magisterial librettist doubtless ruminated upon his own well-known lines:

My object all sublime
I shall achieve in time
To make the punishment fit the crime—
The punishment fit the crime.

Mr. John Forbes, K.C., Recorder of Hill, died at Putney on Friday in his sixty-sixth year.

tedium of a long and uninteresting case by making pen-and-ink sketches of the parties engaged in it, and some of these we reproduce from the magis-

SATURDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

KISSES AT 263 A PENNY.

The "Buzzing Fly" Has to Pay £600 to His "Jam Pot."

"Breach of promise" was the technical description of the action which resulted in a verdict in favour of Mrs. Georgina Ada Frasier in Mr. Justice Darling's Court on Saturday. But it might be more fully described as an action for "breach of contract."

In one of his letters, Mr. James Outridge Spindelov promised to deliver to Mrs. Frasier "forty million kisses." Owing to his reluctance to marry the lady only a certain proportion of these kisses were delivered. In respect of the kisses not delivered the jury awarded Mrs. Frasier £600 damages.

On the supposition that 95 per cent. of the promised kisses remained undelivered, mathematicians will see that this works out at about two hundred and sixty-three kisses a penny, so that Mr. Spindelov did not have to pay so dearly after all.

Mr. Justice Darling expressed surprise during the course of the trial that any one man should undertake to supply so many kisses. In fact, his lordship went as far as to stigmatise Mr. Spindelov's promise as "rubbish." But his lordship, perhaps, forgot that Mr. Spindelov can hardly be regarded as one man. Besides being a verger, he is a parish constable, a sexton, a sub-inspector of nuisances, a coroner's officer, a vestry messenger, a licensing clerk, and a rent collector. To a gentleman of such numerous personalities over 40,000,000 kisses might come easy.

Mr. Spindelov's "Jam Pot."

The great event of the second day of the trial was the cross-examination of Mrs. Frasier. A large number of people visited "Court III." on purpose to see the "jam pot" round which Mr. Spindelov "buzzed" so astoundingly in his capacity of a "fly."

The "Jam Pot"—we trust the graceful widow of Shaftesbury-avenue will pardon reference being made to her in Mr. Spindelov's beautifully poetic term—answered Mr. Dickens's questions with charming readiness, tempered by becoming coyness.

She moved the Court to tears when she described how she rescued the "buzzing fly" from an early grave. He came into her shop, and said that he would shoot himself. In fact, he had very nearly done so. He had nobody to love him.

"Never mind, we love you," replied Mrs. Frasier, sympathetically, referring by "we" to herself and her cousin. She was so sorry for him that she took him into the inner parlour, and put her arm on his shoulder. No sooner had she done this than Mr. Spindelov's arm was around her waist, and she found that they were in the act of kissing.

Shakespeare in Illustration.

While people in court were feeling for their pocket-handkerchiefs, Mr. Justice Darling remembered an appropriate passage from Othello, which he proceeded to quote:

"She loved me for the dangers I had passed and I loved her that she did pity them." (Renewed tears.)

A welcome relief was afforded when Mrs. Frasier turned to an incident which, from a certain point of view, had some comic elements about it. Mr. Spindelov used to spend a good deal of his time after his "rescue" in the back-parlour, and used to watch his "darling little queen" when she went out to serve customers. But if she was too long in doing so, he used to "bang about" and call out "wanted." In fact his buzzing became very loud indeed.

Outside, poor Mrs. Frasier had perforce to tell "the beasts who were squeezing her hand" that her father was calling for her.

During a lull in Mrs. Frasier's evidence the question was asked whether there had been anything between that lady and Mr. Spindelov before the "rescue."

Judicial Counter Joke.

Mr. Justice Darling at once interposed to say that he had understood that the counter had been between them.

After his "jam pot" had vacated the witness-box the "buzzing fly" took his place therein. He has a dreamy, poetical face, not in the least the sort of face that one associates with a fly of any description. He told the court sorrowfully that Mrs. Frasier once tore off his waistcoat buttons in the process of ejecting him from her shop.

His cross-examination was brief, and the jury did not take long to make up their minds what the undelivered kisses were worth.

EX-LIEUTENANT'S STORY OF A FORTUNE.

John Herbert, commission agent, and formerly a lieutenant in the Greek Army, was charged at Bow-street on Saturday with obtaining money by means of false pretences.

In connection with a fresh charge preferred against the prisoner, Charles W. Phillips, managing director of a City company, said prisoner called upon him, and spoke of his position in the Greek Army, adding that he was also at one time a lieutenant in a British regiment. He explained that a friend of his, Mr. Royle, of Whalley Range, Manchester, had just come into a fortune of £200,000 to £300,000 from a relative, formerly Lord Mayor of that city. Witness afterwards lent prisoner some money.

Accused was again remanded.

REMITTED TO A GIPSY TRIBUNAL.

Macenzie Smith, nineteen, was at West Ham Police Court on Saturday charged with the theft of a purse from Geuron Smith, a Romany.

After the facts had been stated, Mr. E. Howard (chairman of the Bench) said he saw in court some of the mothers of the tribe, who could settle this matter better than the Bench. There was a certain code of honour among gipsies, and he knew that if a wrong had been done the wiseheads of the people were well worthy to adjudge such punishment as would be proper. Prisoner was discharged.

DEATH ROBBS THE GALLOWES.

Octogenarian Murderer Dies in the Condemned Cell.

Fate has saved from the gallows James Hopkins, an old man eighty-nine years of age, awaiting death in Castlebar Prison for the murder of his son Edward.

It was only on Friday last that the prisoner, bowed with age, stood in the dock at Castlebar Assizes. So decrepit did he appear that at times it was thought he would collapse, warders standing close at hand to render him assistance. But when the death sentence was passed by Lord Justice Walker the prisoner heard it without flinching.

Immediately afterwards he was taken to the condemned cell and provided with a light meal. For a time he displayed unconcern, but some hours later his attendants noticed a marked change in his appearance. The prison doctor summoned saw at a glance that the case was serious, and in spite of all that could be done Hopkins sank and expired at an early hour on Saturday evening. His body remains in the custody of the prison authorities. An inquiry into the matter will be held before a coroner and jury this afternoon. There is no reason to doubt that his death was due to natural causes, and was in a measure accelerated by the prisoner's advanced age.

Another member of the family arrested in connection with the crime, James Hopkins, junior, has yet to take his trial. Edward, the victim, met his death at Glossens, Co. Mayo, on December 13 last, the two relatives being taken into custody within a short time afterwards.

SECOND MRS. CARDEN.

Curious Circumstances Under Which Husband's Acquaintance Was Made.

Timothy Carden, thirty-eight, labourer, was charged at West London on Saturday with committing bigamy.

His second wife, Mary Welch, tall and good-looking, related how she met Carden, then a soldier, at Weymouth four years ago. She was really walking out with another man, named Wilson; but one evening Wilson failed to meet her, and as she was returning home along the esplanade, prisoner came up and offered to take her for a walk. She consented, and the acquaintance ripened into love.

Afterwards Carden was called away to South Africa, and on his return they were married. There were two children of the marriage, and they lived together until two months ago, when they separated, as they could not agree.

It was stated by the first wife's brother that she was still alive and residing at Glasgow. When asked, Carden said: "I suppose I shall get two years for it."

He was remanded.

"FIGHTING PARSON'S" MERITS.

One more stage-play prosecution came before the courts on Saturday, the defendant on this occasion being Mr. John C. Coe, proprietor of the Hammsmith Theatre of Varieties, who answered at West London a summons for allowing the performance of "The Fighting Parson" without a license from the Lord Chamberlain or the London County Council.

Evidence having been given, Mr. Grain, for the defence, asked the magistrate to look at the matter in as broad-minded a spirit as possible.

Mr. Rose said there was the law, and he was simply a machine appointed to give it effect. He could not regard the offence as merely technical, but considering the really excellent character of this particular play he was inclined to mitigate the penalty. He imposed fines amounting to £25, which, in accordance with the provisions of the Act, was granted as costs to the prosecution.

MARQUIS'S CHEQUE.

Mr. Justice Channell on Saturday decided the case of Gibbs v. the Marquis of Huntly—to recover £75 on a cheque.

The plaintiff stated that in January Mr. Cecil A. Lumley, solicitor, brought the cheque and asked him to discount it. At his suggestion witness kept two guineas for having acted as requested. He was aware that the Marquis had instituted proceedings against Mr. Lumley, alleging the latter had improperly dealt with the proceeds of the cheque. Defendant, when in the police court, admitted the cheque was in his handwriting, and that it was stopped by his instructions.

Defendant did not appear, neither was he represented by counsel.

Mr. Justice Channell found for the plaintiff with costs.

TUB AS HIDING PLACE.

Two persons, Ellen de Ulmenstein, twenty-seven, described as a German baroness, and Miss S. Carter, twenty-eight, were at Westminster on Saturday charged with respect to the conduct of premises rented by them in Vauxhall Bridge-road.

When the police made a search the woman was found in an outhouse, and the man covered over with a tub in the backyard. The magistrate discharged Ellen and fined the male prisoner £20 with £5 costs, or two months.

TRAGEDY OF A LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

A Leap Year proposal has led to a tragic result at Berne, writes our Geneva correspondent.

At a masked ball the twenty-three year old daughter of a prosperous tradesman proposed and was refused by her lover.

Next morning the unfortunate girl was found dead in bed, having taken a dose of poison.

Mr. H. J. Tollett, County Surveyor for Warwickshire, was found lying dead yesterday with his neck broken. It is believed he had been thrown from his horse.

SOUGHT REST IN SUICIDE.

City Clerk "An Old Broken-down Man at Twenty-one."

Three letters, addressed respectively to "Bert" (a friend), "To whom it may concern," and "To the surgeon," were found at the rooms of Ambrose Knight, a City clerk, twenty-one years of age, who died from the effects of taking poison.

In the letter to his friend, Knight, who had lodged in Rochester-square, Camden Town, wrote:

"At the time you read this I expect to be dead. I have many reasons for the course I am taking, the chief one being that within the last month or so my mind has changed very much for the worse, and is now in such a terrible condition that I feel it is only just to my God—for I believe there is a God—my fellow-creatures, my friends, and to myself, to put an end to my miserable existence."

"I have unhappily proved that I am, or shall be, unable to resist the nefarious influences that work within me. I have written out two letters, one to the coroner and one a general letter. I feel more restless now than I have been for months. —WILL."

In the letter evidently meant for the coroner he wrote:—

"My body is very weak, and I am in many respects an old broken-down man at 21 years of age. I bought the cyanide of potassium at a chemist's, telling him I was a photographer."

At the inquest held by Mr. Walter Schroeder on Saturday the jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane.

HUNTED PAINTER'S SPRINT.

Escaped Prisoner Provides an Exciting "Run."

A chase, which the spectators assert exceeded the excitement of the liveliest fox-hunt, took place at Tunbridge Wells on Saturday.

The meet was at the southern railway station, where a policeman arrived with Charles Williams, a painter, of Hailsham, whom he was escorting to Lewes in order to prefer a charge of housebreaking against him.

Williams was handcuffed, but, while the tickets were being examined just before the departure of the train, he broke the iron grip, and made a bold burst for freedom.

Before his attendant had exactly realised the position, Williams had jumped down on to the rails, and had gained the platform on the other side. The policeman raised a cry, and at once a whole procession of railway porters and passengers were speeding away in hot pursuit. Williams made for an engine-shed, and went to earth among the locomotives. But with the aid of the engine cleaners the quarry was eventually driven out, and police, porters, and cleaners were again in hot chase.

Like a fox Williams leapt across the railway lines to the goods shed. Again he played hide-and-seek with the men in pursuit, but finding the crowd after him gathering in force he showed the whole a clean pair of heels, running down the line towards Groombridge.

The fugitive broke off towards the Tunbridge Wells Common, and made for a small copse. The longer the hunt continued, the larger became the field.

Leaving the copse Williams made a bid for the railway line again, but as he was scaling a fence near the railway bank, he was secured and handed over to a constable and an exhausted policeman from whose custody he had broken away.

TOO NOTORIOUS STEP-SON.

Lieutenant Geza Mattachich, whose name has become notorious in connection with Princess Louise of Coburg, and who has just written a sensational book, "The Last Two Years," has commenced a curious law-suit against his step-father.

On his mother's second marriage to Count Oskar Keglevich, he was adopted by the Count, who has, however, latterly repudiated him.

He maintains that once adopted he is adopted for all time, and that he shall still be legally entitled to bear the name of Keglevich.

WIFE FOR A MINUTE.

A girl-wife, aged sixteen, living in a village near Aosta, Italy, is demanding a divorce by reason of her husband's desertion on the threshold of the church after the marriage ceremony.

Her husband then kissed her and said that he was called away on urgent business, but since that moment nothing has been seen or heard of him.

A divorce, however, is impossible in Italy under the circumstances of the case.

LOVER'S TRAGIC STRATAGEM.

When a young Austrian hussar lieutenant, who had fallen passionately in love with an opera singer at Keesemet, Hungary, wished to gain the consent of his family to the marriage, he simulated an 'r' temp to come to his senses. But his ruse took an unforeseen course, and pierced a vital point.

At the funeral, his betrothed threw herself on her lover's coffin, crying, "Thou shalt not wait long. I follow thee soon," and was carried away in an unconscious state.

The Hon. Sir H. E. Taschereau, Chief Justice of Canada, has been sworn a member of the Privy Council.

Two children, sons of a dragon in the 6th Inniskillings, were found drowned in a water-tough in Marlborough Barracks, Dublin, yesterday. It is supposed they fell in while playing.

All who do business with Canadian firms will find the "Canadian Trade Index," issued by the Manufacturers' Association in the Dominion, a most useful volume. Copies may be obtained free from the Canadian representative at the Imperial Institute.

"POODLES'" FATHER DEAD.

Tragic Turn of Events in the Norbiton Mystery.

Sensational as have been the previous phases of the strange Norbiton case which first attracted wide publicity through the search for "Poodles," the missing child of Mr. Spencer Rolfe, the latest development has created the most profound sensation of all.

On Saturday morning it was announced that Mr. Rolfe had died the previous evening at his residence in Park-road, Norbiton. Following this came the intelligence that the Registrar of Deaths had decided to communicate with the coroner and to refuse for the present to accept the certificate given by the doctor who had been in attendance on Mr. Rolfe during his illness, and in the circumstances it is understood that an inquest will be held.

The Case's Strange Developments.

In this case the interest, which has now assumed such a widespread character, was first aroused by advertisements, emanating from Mr. Spencer Rolfe, a wealthy man, whose time was chiefly occupied in scientific studies. These advertisements appeared in almost every paper in England, and contained the offer of a substantial reward for information as to the whereabouts of a child known as "Poodles," who had mysteriously disappeared from Mr. Rolfe's home.

Eventually "Poodles" was discovered at Brighton, where the child had been taken, it is alleged, by Miss Davis, who for three years had been living at Mr. Rolfe's house at Norbiton.

Mr. Rolfe followed up his allegation that Miss Davis had kidnapped "Poodles" by charging the lady with stealing a large quantity of bank notes and other valuable papers.

The charge was heard at Kingston, and Mr. Harker, the solicitor who appeared on behalf of Miss Davis, told the court that his client had a complete answer to it. The case, he asserted, was one of the most extraordinary in his experience, and the ramifications of it were such that the facts were prepared to present would be considered incredible.

What Will the Inquest Disclose?

Miss Davis was remanded, but the extraordinary disclosures which were promised for the next hearing, fixed for Thursday last, were not made, the prosecutor being unable to attend, owing to the serious nature of his illness.

It is impossible to foretell, at the present stage of affairs, whether, in the event of an inquest being held, the extraordinary disclosures foreshadowed by Miss Davis's solicitor will receive publicity.

Miss Davis has been acquainted by telegram with the fact of Mr. Rolfe's death, but, in common with her solicitors, she refuses to discuss the case at present. Unless the coroner insists that the charge against Miss Davis has a bearing on Mr. Rolfe's death, the mystery of the "Poodles" case will probably never be cleared up.

LINER'S DOUBLE MISHAP.

By wireless telegraph it was reported that the American liner New York, from New York to Southampton, had stranded at Cape La Hague, but she got off without assistance and proceeded to Southampton. Her passengers and mails were landed at Cherbourg.

The vessel has her hull damaged, water in No. 4 hold, also in two forward cross coal-bunkers and forward stokehold.

Following this comes a telegram from Hurst Castle, dated yesterday, stating that during a fog the American liner New York collided with the transport Assaye off Hurst Castle. Both steamers have bows damaged, and are proceeding eastwards.

"GUIDING ST. PETER'S BOAT."

When the Pope was presented on Saturday with a basket fashioned like a Venetian gondola, and laden with magnificent flowers, the Pope was greatly moved, and remarked: "May I be successful in guiding another boat—of St. Peter."

POET LAUREATE'S LIMERICK.

Members of the Metropolitan Radical Federation met on Saturday to protest against the introduction of Chinese labour into South Africa.

Speaking in support of the resolution, Mr. A. J. Mundella quoted the following lines, which he said had been given him by the Poet Laureate:—

Alf Lyttelton, sitting at ease,
Determined the country to please,
Said Education is slow,
Protection's no go,
I will give free trade in Chinese.

LABOUR LEADER'S TROUBLES.

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P. for Derby, has written a long letter to his constituents, explaining the position of the Derby constituency on the executive committee of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants.

He says he will abide by the decision of the congress, to be held in October, or, if an election takes place before then, he will contest the seat on the same lines as in 1900.

BOMB EXPERT'S MISTAKE.

Messages from Milan yesterday state that Signor Messaglia, the chief of the Milan foundry, took to his home two loaded bombs. Suddenly one exploded, killing Signor Messaglia, and seriously injuring his wife and two sons.

Mr. Marlow, a resident of Desboro' near Leicester, was attacked on Saturday by a vicious horse and severely injured.

Sir Carne Rasch proposes to ask the Secretary of State for War to-day if he can state why the flag on the War Office was masted-high on Friday when the Union Jack on all other public buildings in London was half-mast owing to the death of the Duke of Cambridge.

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. TO-NIGHT at 9.
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.
Preceded at 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.50.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.

MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.
TO-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING at 9.
MATINEE EVERY SATURDAY at 5.
Mr. LEWIS WALLER
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.
By Sydney Grundy.
At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

ST. JAMES'S.—MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
BEGS to ANNOUNCE that in consequence of the
failure of LOVE'S CARNIVAL the successful run of OLD
HEIDELBERG WILL BE RESUMED for a limited number
of performances, commencing TO-MORROW (Tuesday) EVENING.
—ST. JAMES'S.

LOVE'S CARNIVAL. LAST TIME.
TO-NIGHT (MONDAY) at 8.15.
—ST. JAMES'S.

OLD HEIDELBERG.—TO-MORROW (Tues-
day), at 8.30, for a limited number of performances.
MATINEES SAT. NEXT and WED. and SAT. following,
at 2.15. —ST. JAMES'S.

THE OXFORD. — HACKENSCHMIDT,
World's Champion Wrestler. LITTLE TICH, Ada
Cotto, Norman French, MIKE S. WHALLEN, Howard and
St. Clair, MARK MELFORD, Sisters Jonghman, BROS.
EGBERT, and other stars.—Open 7.55. SATURDAY
MATINEES at 2.30. Manager—Mr. ALBERT GILMER.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch,"
for each year from 1801 to 1819 inclusive, and for the
years 1825 and '26, and 1869, '70, and '71.—Address M.,
"Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

NOTICES TO READERS.

The Editorial, Advertising, and General Business
Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* are—
2, CARMELITE STREET,
LONDON, E.C.

TELEPHONES: 1310 and 1319 Holborn.
The West End Offices of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*
are:—
45 AND 46, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.
TELEPHONE: 1968 Gerrard.
TELEGRAPHIC ADDRESS: "Reflexed," London.
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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

MONDAY, MARCH 21, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

A Weak Mind in a Weak Body.

Much pains are being taken to discover the causes of the bodily degeneracy of the working class—to decide why the standards of height and weight and chest measurement are getting lower and lower. And from a statement made at the Metropolitan Asylums Board meeting on Saturday it looks as if an inquiry ought also to be set on foot into the increase of mental weakness among the children of our great cities.

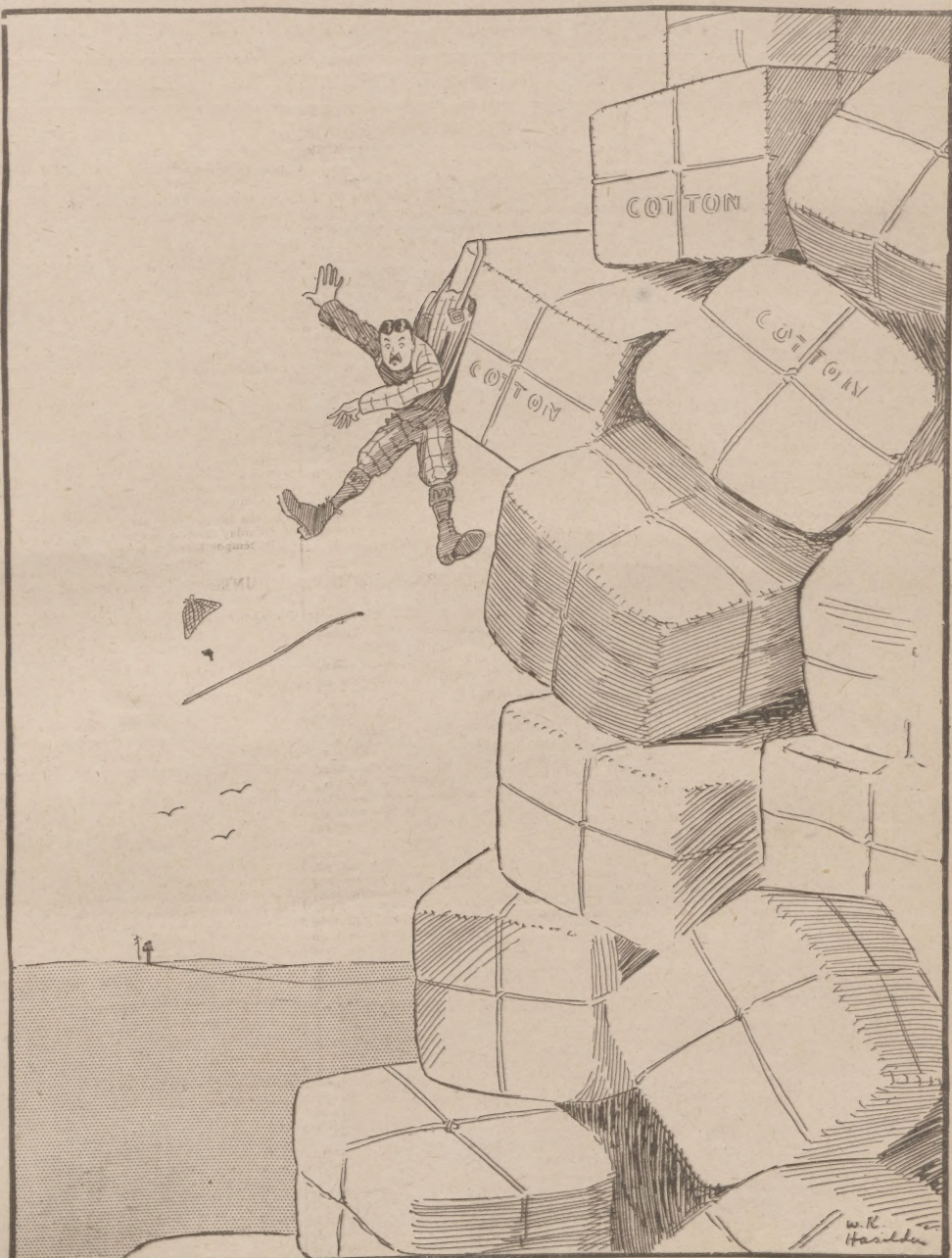
It appears that child imbeciles are steadily becoming more numerous. More and more babies are born without sufficient intelligence to equip them for the battle of life. "Children of five years are admitted into asylums, and with few exceptions remain there the whole of their lives." It is distressing to think of the lot of these poor creatures, missing all that makes life a boon. It is almost equally painful to reflect that the cost of their maintenance is a burden that falls upon the unfortunate ratepayer.

What is the cause of this increase of imbecility, which is coincident, we must remember, with an alarming rise in the number of our lunatics? At Saturday's meeting two reasons for it were suggested—one, the drink curse; and the other, the kind of teaching which is given in Board schools. But do these sufficiently explain so horrible a phenomenon? Even if we admit that Board school teaching might easily be more sensible and practical, and even though it be matter of common knowledge that drunkards cannot expect to have healthy children, do these two evils account for the increase of imbecility?

Ought we not to attribute it rather to the accumulated effect of all the disadvantages of street life? Is not the same poison at work, in fact, upon both the bodies and the minds of the city dwellers of to-day? Crowded together in tenement dwellings, with no playground but the street or some hard asphalt square, without a glimpse from one year's end to another of the quiet, healing scenes of Nature undefiled, taught that the sole aim of men and women should be to "get a job" and to fill up the scanty leisure which their jobs allow them by indulging their grosser appetites, how should the products of such a miserably squalid condition be anything but stunted in brain and body, inefficient, unintelligent, imbecile?

The other day the Duke of Fife described the housing question as the most pressing and

"TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED."



Mr. Sully, the cotton grabber who failed last week, has cheered the hearts of the New York brokers who have been benefiting by his manipulation of the cotton market, by telling them that he is only "temporarily suspended," and will resume operations to-morrow. Starving Lancashire cotton operatives and English cotton manufacturers will probably take a different view and hope that it is the headlong fall and not the rise of the Cotton King which has been suspended for a time.

important of the age. Does he, do any of our public men, really believe that it is so urgent and so fraught with danger to the future of England? If so, why do they not act instead of being content to talk and do nothing? If we saw a man outside a house on fire, telling the bystanders that it was most important to him to get the flames extinguished because if the fire burned on he would lose his property, we should call him a fool for not having at once rung a fire-alarm. Yet that is exactly the way our politicians behave.

The antiquated character of our land laws is at the root of the whole question. As soon as Parliament takes them severely in hand the solution will be half-way here. But we shall never solve the problem by talking about it.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

The war has advanced a stage further. Admiral Alexeieff reports that a Russian horse has been shot by the Japanese in Korea. Retractions are threatened.

Mr. Sully, the cotton king, declares that his suspension is only temporary. Temporary suspension has, however, proved fatal in a good many cases before now, and Mr. Sully was given rather a long drop.

The building of a pair of house-sparrows in a London street lamp is scarcely an evidence of sagacity on the part of the birds con-

cerned. It is all very well to get your lighting free, but the children will be kept up all night, and it is doubtful whether they will be healthy.

The Russian Ministry of Marine has ordered that prize courts shall be instituted at various ports, including Port Arthur and Vladivostok. In a short time it is expected that everything will be ready for the formulation of awards—everything, that is, except the prizes.

"A strong London crew picked up Cambridge off Waldron's and held them for four minutes," read the young lady who tries to take an interest in sport for her brother's sake. "Dear me," she added, "the poor Cambridge men must have looked awfully silly. But why did they let them do it?"

The French Bishops are said to view with great equanimity the prospect of an open rupture between the Vatican and the French Government. It seems a pity. The instances where a squabble between Church and State has proved a national benefit might be counted on the fingers of an armless wonder.

The public will sympathise with Mr. Alexander as a manager, even if they could not sympathise with him as the hero of "Love's Carnival," which will be withdrawn after this evening. At the same time it is a lesson to theatrical managers not to run carnivals in Lent, even if they shoot the principal characters in the last act as a concession to public sentiment.

General Stoessel has come down very heavily on the officers at Port Arthur who

spend their time in criticising the faults of their superiors. He points out in so many words that if military men once start discussing the errors of the General Staff they will have very little time to do anything else.

During the reading of some love-letters in a breach of promise case, Mr. Justice Darling remarked that it puzzled him how anyone could keep such rubbish. There is a limit even to judicial innocence, and surely Mr. Justice Darling need not have waited for the verdict of the jury, assessing the value of the letters at £800, in order to understand such a simple matter.

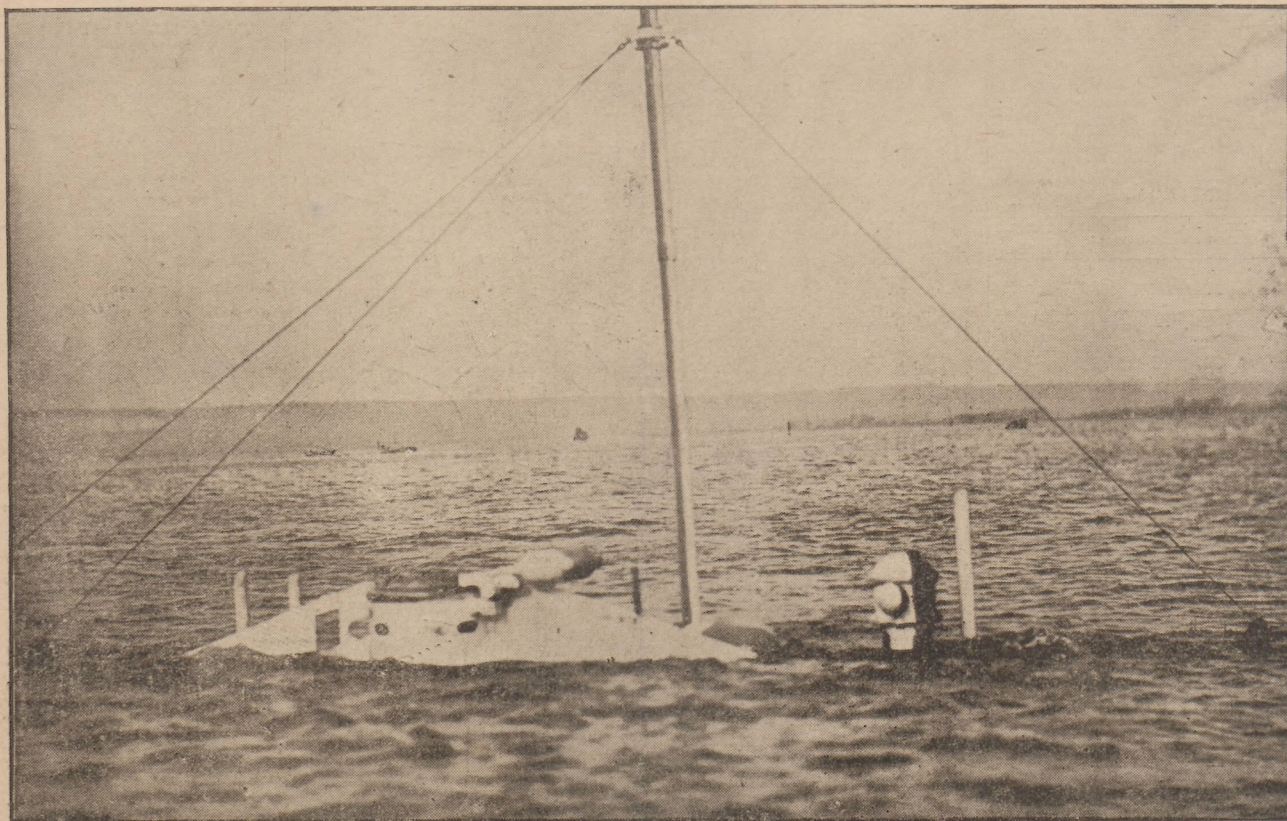
The alleged Limerick stated to have been written by the Poet Laureate will be found in another column. If it had only scanned it would no doubt have been an even more striking success than it is.

A Laureate sitting at ease
Determined the country to please,
Though his jingle was tame
And the metre was lame,
Yet being a Laureate he rose entirely
superior to such small considerations
as these.

It was pointed out at the meeting of a London debating society that England's wealth is her greatest danger, and that the poor are not content to live on their incomes, but become more and more enamoured of display. We have always felt that the conduct of the smart set in Whitechapel was sinful and scandalous, and it is surely time that a mission was sent down from the West End to teach the working classes the beauties of thrift and economy.

THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED

THE LAST OF THE ILL-FATED A1.



This photograph of the submarine A1 was taken as the little craft was going down beneath the waves on her last, sad voyage. It is the first photograph ever taken of a British submarine in the act of being submerged. *[Stephen Cribb, Portsmouth.]*

GOOD FOR "LITTLE MARY."



Among the clever people who have contributed not a little to the successful run of "Little Mary," Mr. Barrie's brilliantly successful play, is good-looking Miss Margaret Fraser. "Little Mary," having amused all London and given us a new synonym, will soon be withdrawn from Wyndham's Theatre. *[Fellows Wilson.]*

FOR FOUR NIGHTS ONLY.



Miss Lillian Braithwaite appeared as the only female character, "Else," in "Love's Carnival," a German Military play, at St. James's Theatre on Thursday night. The reception of the play was not at all favourable, so Mr. George Alexander has already announced the final performance for this evening, resuming to-morrow the run of "Old Heidelberg." *[Johnston & Hoffmann.]*

THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A PORTSMOUTH SUBMARINE.

DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

THE PERILOUS ADVENTURE OF A PORTSMOUTH SUBMARINE.



never taken of a
Cribb, Portsmouth.

se," in "Love's
Thursday night.
ie Alexander has
to-morrow the
ston & Hoffmann.

During the manoeuvres which ended so tragically at Portsmouth on Friday, this submarine was caught by a steel net suspended between two of Admiral Wilson's fast steam pinnaces. The periscope-eye of the submarine—

AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.
MILES FARMILOE: A scoundrel who has gone through a mock marriage with Pauline years ago. He has been arrested on suspicion of murdering Drummond, but has escaped.
CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farmiloe.
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.
FABIAN GRISWOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.
INSPECTOR WAIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

CHAPTER XXVIII. Husband and Wife.

At the door Pauline glanced back, her hand on the knob. Farmiloe, from the communicating door of the dressing-room, waved an imperative command for haste, and behind the locked door itself John Woodruffe spoke with impatient surprise. With a wild appeal to some power, whether of Heaven or hell she could not have told, Pauline opened the door and confronted her husband.

"My dear John, what on earth are you making such a fuss about?" she said, in a voice which sounded strange and unnatural in her own ears.

"Well, my dear, on earth do you lock your door?" I never knew such a thing to happen before."

She shrugged her shoulders as she preceded him into the room. "Goodness! What an extraordinary thing for you to say! I lock it frequently, when I wish to be alone. It's the only way I have of sporting my oak."

He had closed the door now behind him, and was in the room, glancing round it suspiciously.

"But you were not alone just now," he said. She turned on him with an unfortunate flare of anger. "What do you mean," she asked sharply. "I was alone."

He returned her glance with a keen look. "You are very crusty to-day, Pauline? I thought I heard voices. 'Pon my word I almost thought you were having a battle royal with Manette. It's my belief you bully her horribly. The other day I met her looking like a white rabbit, poor little wretch!"

"How utterly odious you are, John! I never bully anyone." She spoke with the utmost irritation, and settled herself ostentatiously at her writing-table, hoping against hope that he might go away.

"No one except me, eh, little girl?" He bent over the back of her chair, and kissed the nape of her neck. "Come, put away that silly writing. I want you to talk to me. My little body is weary of this great world. Come along, let us sit down and look at the fire. It's horribly cold out to-day—a biting east wind, fit to take the skin off you. Feel that!" He laid his finger softly against her cheek.

She drew away with a pettish exclamation of annoyance. "What a brutal thing to do, John!" Woodruffe laughed.

"Poor Pauline, saint and martyr! My hands are not half as cold as you are." He caught her face in his hands, and turned it up to his. "What's the matter? Has anything gone wrong? I shall believe you are developing a temper, my Pauline—a tendency to be sternly nipped in the bud."

She rubbed her cheek against his hand. "I am sorry," she murmured, penitently, "but you worry so. You take such extraordinary notions into your head about hearing voices and thinking I have got burglars concealed behind screens—you'll be seeing all sorts of weird things next—black cats and blue snakes!"

She spoke softly that her words might not carry to Farmiloe in the further room. Every sentence spoken by her husband fell on her heart with a hideous sense of humiliation. She felt, indeed, that if Woodruffe then and there were to discover the truth and kill her for the deception she had practised upon him he would be acting in the only way possibly consistent with honour.

"I assure you I heard what might be called 'language' proceeding from this apartment," he

continued, tensely, releasing her face, yet still standing by her chair. "What are you doing that is so important, wasting paper? Women are like children, they love to be scribbling on anything white and clean they see."

"I am writing letters."

"Letters? How many? None of them are in the least necessary, I am certain."

"One is of the utmost importance—to my dressmaker! I haven't got a rag—"

"Oh!" he groaned. "I hope you told her that that last dinner-gown she made you was an abomination, and that it was an outrage for any woman to perpetrate—"

"Hullo, what's that?" Pauline started to her feet, as white as paper. A crash in the next room, as of some heavy falling object, drove the blood from her heart. Woodruffe darted a quick look at his wife, then without a word rushed into the dressing-room. Pauline followed, impelled by that strange sporting instinct to be in at the death, even if it were her own death.

The dressing-room was empty, and of immaculate tidiness, for Manette was the soul of order, and had only finished her labours for the morning when Cynthia ushered the alleged piano-tuner into the boudoir.

"The noise cannot have been in these rooms," Pauline said, quickly.

Woodruffe paid not the slightest heed to her. He was already in the bedroom, the door of which stood open. Faint, with leaden-weighted feet and pulses which hammered in her throat, Pauline followed him. She had not an idea where Farmiloe might have concealed himself. There were numberless places, deceptively secure-looking, challenging inquiry. She leaned against a chair while Woodruffe moved about the room.

It was a large and beautiful room, filled, like the boudoir, with fine Empire furniture. It was imperially luxurious, the downiest, most beautiful nest the imagination of John Woodruffe could conceive. Pauline's eyes wandered over it with a passionate fondness, each object seeming to gain an added beauty from the fact that perhaps so soon she must lose it.

Woodruffe pursued his search methodically. He opened the great wardrobe, disclosing its wide padded shelves.

"My dear John," ejaculated Pauline, feebly, "I cannot think what you are doing. I must seriously object to your routing among my possessions."

He turned to her, and spoke for the first time.

"I am certain that there is someone in this room," he said, in a strained voice. "I am not easily deceived, Pauline. I heard voices, yet you said there was no one here. Then, mysteriously, comes a sound of something falling. Things do not fall of themselves, Pauline." He looked at her suspiciously, the clearness of his grey eyes was clouded, as water is clouded beneath a lowering sky.

Pauline commanded her voice with an effort. "I hope this is not a sign of incipient insanity," she said. "Why you should imagine I had someone concealed in my rooms I cannot think, but I should imagine that anyone in their senses would be satisfied now—the room appears to me to be empty."

"Appearances," he said grimly, "are apt to be deceptive. I am sorry to annoy you, but I must satisfy myself."

She shrugged her shoulders, and the man continued his task, feeling the dresses which hung in orderly, cloaked rows in the dim recesses of the scented wardrobe.

"Don't forget the bed," suggested Pauline, politely. "Beneath the bed is the favourite hiding-place of burglars, I understand." She spoke with ease, for her agonised glance, searching round the room for Farmiloe's possible place of concealment, had fallen on the door of a small dress closet, in which Manette stored the least-used articles of her wardrobe—old fancy dresses, dominoes, and suchlike. The key was gone; evidently Farmiloe, with a ready wit, had seized the likeliest place, and changing the key, had locked himself inside.

"I shall not forget the bed," said Woodruffe, with acid amiability. "But I am interested in that cupboard; there is a cupboard, isn't there?"

Pauline burst into a little laugh, and went across to him.

"John, dear, can't the farce end now? Why are you so strange? Who could be in the room? Don't be so absurd. Is it likely that I should bring anyone here? Oh, don't be so silly! It's like a page out of a French novel."

She twined her hand under his arm, and looked up at him with exquisite pleading eyes. Relief had sent her blood bounding with a new life, her eyes shone with the brilliancy of fear. To the man she had never seemed more beautiful. His whole heart went out to her.

"Pauline, I am just a shade removed from a

monomania, you ought to know that by now. When I get an idea into my head I must work it off. I won't deceive you—I don't believe in beating about the bush—you seem to me lately to have changed, to be less straightforward than you used to be. You have had mysterious goings and outgoings—to some extent you seem estranged from your sister—one builds up distrust from so many minute particulars."

"Oh, dear!—you make me feel like a naughty child," she interrupted petulantly. "I have never been lectured in such a way before, not even by my father. If I am so little to be trusted, you should not have married me." She took her hand away quickly, and turned from him. "I am wounded, deeply wounded," she said, in a hard voice. "You forget that I am your wife, and not your slave."

She paused, and burst into a sudden bitter laugh. "I am afraid I do not recognise your right to pry into my goings and outgoings, as you call them. It is the first time that the suggestion has been even presented to me that a wife should give a detailed account of her every moment to her husband."

"I have never spied upon you, Pauline," he said, indignantly, "nor have I any desire to do so."

She turned towards him again such a lovely, eager face that half-unconsciously he made a movement in her direction with outstretched hands.

"I must seem a miserable, jealous wretch," he cried, "but it's because I love you so, dearest one. I feel like some poor devil who has picked up a priceless jewel in the sight of a crowd of thieving companions—or a sparrow with a glorious tit-bit, he hops on and on desperately with it, terrified to leave it down for an instant, lest some braver, bolder rascalship of a fellow makes off with it. I am a fool, Pauline mine, and a loving fool, and I cannot bear to think that you should have one remembrance that does not circle round myself."

She caught his hands and pressed them to her breast. "Love's fool," she cried tenderly, "there's not a remembrance, or a happy thought, or one moment of pure joy in all my life which has not sprung from you. I have not a hope for the future that is not bound up in you. Your suspicions are like a knife in my heart. John, don't begin to doubt me, or pick holes in me now—it's a fatal thing to do. You'll come so soon to the stucco underneath the marble."

With an exclamation of intense tenderness, he drew her into his arms and kissed her on the lips.

"Sweetheart, can you ever forgive me?" he began. "She pressed one soft hand across his lips. "Don't talk any more of it," she cried, with a pretty imperiousness. "I won't have it. They say that suicide is infectious—so, apparently, is mystery. Pray God, that some day there may be an end of mystery." Then, with a complete change of manner, she cried, "John, do come and tell me what to say to that fiend of a dressmaker—there's an angel!"

CHAPTER XXIX. Concerning Manette's Strange Story.

There was no light in the studio save the leap and play of ruddy flames, and Pauline and her husband sat together like children watching the castles the red architects created.

Pauline, as she leaned against John Woodruffe's knee, was almost happy. Relief steeped her senses like a narcotic. The renewal of her husband's tenderness enveloped her with a sense of delicious completeness. For the moment the man upstairs crouching in the darkness of the cupboard was hardly a reality.

The thought which had harassed her all the afternoon as to how she could possibly convey food to this most unwelcome prisoner was blotted out by an almost cruel satisfaction in the remembrance of his discomfort. She had pushed all contemplation of the inevitable from her and was content to sit there, beside the man she loved, in the scented half-light, living out her hour to its last moment.

The excitements of the morning had left her strangely weak. It had been an immense physical effort to her to accompany her husband in their usual afternoon outing. She closed her eyes in the intense lassitude of fatigue, and a certain animal satisfaction in the comfort of her surroundings.

Woodruffe himself was half asleep; from time to time his hand moved gently across the woman's hair in a sort of mechanical caress. Quietness and peace brooded in the room.

Suddenly Woodruffe started up. "Eh! What's that?" he asked, sleepily.

Pauline listened with strained ears; her momentary forgetfulness swept from her.

"I don't hear anything," she began, then stopped, for, distant though shrill and distinct, came the sound of a woman's cry.

"Mercy on us, what's the matter now?" Woodruffe cried, and made for the door. Pauline followed. With the opening of the door the sound came again, more distant this time.

"It sounds like a woman in hysterics," said Pauline. Fear was gripping at her heart. The cry was a woman's, yet to her every alarm which shook that house centred round the one thing.

On the landing below they met the butler, white and scared-looking.

"What's all this noise about? A woman shrieking. Has anything happened?"

"I hardly know, sir. Manette has had a fright—thinks she saw something."

"Saw something! What kind of thing? A mouse?"

"No, sir, a ghost."

"A ghost!" The exclamation was shrill, and Pauline's.

"What nonsense!" said Woodruffe, sternly. "What did she think she saw, and where?" But though the question was addressed to the servant, his eyes were fixed on his wife. Pauline's face was grey. He could see that she trembled violently.

"In my lady's boudoir," said the butler. "Manette was just laying out my lady's things, and she fancied she saw someone or something moving in the bedroom—a white figure. She called to it, and went in from the dressing-room, but it had vanished."

"Such courage was very unlike Manette," said Pauline, contemptuously. "I cannot imagine her challenging a ghost."

"She thought it was the housemaid, my lady, but when she entered the bedroom there was no sign of anyone or anything, so she ran foolishly screaming through the house."

"This is a very remarkable story," said Woodruffe. Again the remark was addressed to the servant, and the look to Pauline.

"So remarkable that I believe it to be untrue," said Pauline. "Where is Manette now?"

"In the housekeeper's room—she is really extremely frightened. Of course, it might just be her fancy, but for a moment or two I was afraid it might be a burglar. I was just going upstairs to see."

"Tut, tut!" said Woodruffe. "Burglars are not fools, Gilbertson. When men set out to rob they do not choose six o'clock in the afternoon to invade a lady's boudoir. Go downstairs and try and see that better order is kept. Such alarms as these are most annoying."

The servant turned and went downstairs with a distinct sense of injury, and Woodruffe faced his wife.

"You look frightened," he said. Despite all his self-control he could not master the metallic ring in his voice.

"I am frightened," she said, and moved towards him.

He made no movement of reassurance.

"Come, I thought you had more pluck than that," he returned, with a strange intonation. "Of what are you frightened? Of me, or of the ghost?"

To be continued to-morrow.



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A PAGE OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO WOMEN.

MILLINERY MEMORANDA.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE GIRL WHO MAKES HER OWN HATS.

Shaded straws and straws of countless new weaves are being seen now, and linen hats inset with lace and picturesque in shape are among the new offerings for Easter. Flower wreaths and market bunches of blossom divide the honours as trimmings, and there are many flower and bud fringes which are also used profusely. Cockades, choux, rosettes, mercury wings, cupid wings, and quills are called into service for sailor hats, and among these is a new model with a heart-shaped crown and a rolled brim that is very narrow at the back, and wider at the sides than in front. It is exceedingly jaunty, and is usually trimmed simply with a scarf and knot, or rosettes, but whether it is universally becoming or not must be tested.

The Prevalence of Burnt Straw.

So much for generalisation. To particularise, attention should be given to the centre picture, where a choice of eight very different and yet altogether delightful millinery models are to be observed.

The Santos Dumont pattern that occupies the most elevated stand in the milliner's shop is a neat toque of burnt straw, trimmed with a bow of the same material at the side, centred by a gilt buckle. The burnt straw is relieved by a soupçon of pink and green chenille interweaving, which, while it does not detract from the needs of the hat to be quiet, gives it a little extra liveliness of character. Side by side with it will be observed a model that should be noticed by the home milliner, who, upon her chip Romney model, say, of a dun brown shade, should drape a lace scarf to match, which in front should be threaded through one of the new floral buckles made of the tiniest pink and cream roses.

Beneath observe a picture hat of gathered black tulle, adorned with a jaunty ostrich feather of shaded pink, darkening to salmon, which starts from a flat rosette of salmon pink taffetas. The straw toque on the left is made of green and brick-red chenille, with an admixture of black straw, and at the side is trimmed with a cockade-rosette of green and brick-red taffetas from which spring wings.

Roses the Queen of Flowers.

To continue, we find a Breton sailor hat of navy blue straw, trimmed with Empire wreaths of pink roses on it, as well as scarves of blue taffetas; immediately below it arrives a torpedo-shaped flower toque composed of primulas, pink, mauve, and cream, banded with mauve satin, and on the chair is perceived a lawn hat that speaks of coming summer, made of punched broderie Anglaise, daintily trimmed with a scarf of pink satin and wreathed upon the crown with crushed pink roses.

The hat worn by the lady who is evidently trying on these delightful confections is specially designed to illustrate the hanging lace veil effect, which is held to be one of the most desirable millinery novelties of the moment.

SIMPLE DISH.

SALEDE DE POISSON.

INGREDIENTS:—Half a pound of the remains of any boiled fish, three hard-boiled eggs, three filleted anchovies, one small beetroot, one lettuce, two or three gherkins, tartare sauce, salt and pepper.

Remove all skin and bones from the fish, and divide it into flakes; sprinkle these over with salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil. Arrange the fish in a circle on a dish, and round it put a ring of the hard-boiled eggs cut in quarters lengthways.

IN THE LOOKING-GLASS.

AN ILLUMINATING COMMENT UPON SOME MIRRORS.

How decorative and fascinating are the effects obtained by the judicious arrangement of looking-glasses, more especially in small rooms, it is impossible to exaggerate. For instance, a convex mirror with a really good plate will reflect

CATS AND INFLUENZA.

Valuable cats are delicate creatures. Just now influenza, a severe catarrhal fever, is a perfect scourge to cats susceptible to colds. A difficulty to breathe through the nostrils is an early symptom, and under such circumstances lanoline, cold cream,



A bevy of beautiful Toques and Hats in a milliner's shop, particulars of which will be found in the first column.

Cut the beetroot into large dice, and tear the lettuce into small pieces. Mix these two with some tartare sauce, pile them up in the centre of the fish, and decorate with long strips of anchovy and gherkin. Arrange round all a border of the prettiest lettuce leaves.

three sides of a room, and enable you to arrange by reflection the most fascinating corners with pretty pieces of furniture, a palm, flowers, china, and nicknacks; always studying the effect in the mirror to ensure a charming picture.

Opposite this, a good Chippendale looking-glass in a carved gilt frame may be placed to reflect the other end of the room; which will enable you to make other attractive corners with furniture. In fact, to use an American term, the result obtained by the right use of the mirror is "cunning," just as its effect can be absolutely spoilt by its being skewed, when only the tops of everything will be reflected. Looking-glasses must always be hung on a level with the eye, and low enough to be looked into from any part of the room.

The gilt console table of a good period (in wood, not plaster) with a small mirror above it is very decorative, and the marble top lends itself to an arrangement of china and cut glass. Of course, these console tables must be chosen with care, and emphatically must not be of the florid over-decorated early Victorian period that brought all looking-glasses into such bad repute that even the old ones of the previous century were discarded and sold for a mere song.

Now, when you come across the good ones, they are quite beyond the limits of a slender purse, but many of them are reproduced for quite moderate sums, and if you are careful to have the gilding of a dull shade, they will at least look old, and will most probably pass as such.

they can find a suitable one, and if not they will spend the summer at Claridge's.

Although the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are living now at Sunderland House, they are not doing any entertaining or receiving any but their most intimate friends. The house is by no means finished, and the Duchess is extremely anxious that no one shall see it until complete. She is very busy just now picking up different odd bits of quaint furniture, and has already collected together quite a delightful assortment.

Wellington and the Duke.

I am reminded by the death of the Duke of Cambridge that the Duke of Wellington at the outset of Prince George's military career entertained a decided antipathy to him.

On one occasion the Duke thought it desirable to forbid smoking at mess dinners. Prince George on the first occasion when it became possible, observed to his fellow officers: "I don't know what you are going to do, gentlemen—I'm going to smoke," at the same time handing his cigarette to the colonel, who, of course, felt compelled to follow the example set by his Royal Highness.



This spring we are to make a great point of detachable vests that will admirably diversify the costume or blouse. In the picture above is illustrated a Vest made of soft tulle silk, finished across with bars of embroidery.

or vaseline are well rubbed across the bridge of the nose to give relief. When a sore throat follows, chlorate of potash may be tried. It can be given easily by opening the cat's mouth wide, tilting the head gently back, and dropping a pinch down the throat. If there is any swelling and a difficulty in swallowing, the paws should be covered with fresh butter, for the cat is sure to lick it off, and in so doing will lubricate his throat.

Chronic nasal catarrh, a most disagreeable complaint, which frequently results from influenza and distemper, is very hard to combat. Complete change of air will often work a marvellous cure, but is not within the reach of every puss, though mistresses who are devoted to their cats are known to martyrize themselves in order that their pets may enjoy a salubrious climate.

Cats of a bronchitic tendency suffer from fever. The breathing is hurried, the ears and paws burn, fits of shivering occur at intervals, and there is also a laboured cough. If the cat can be persuaded to inhale over a jug of boiling water, in which a few drops of eucalyptus has been diluted, it will give him temporary relief, but inflammation of the bronchial tubes and lungs is serious, and should be very carefully diagnosed and treated. During convalescence special care should be taken to build up the cat's constitution; he must be well fed, and given cod liver oil regularly, as well as a good tonic.

In inclement weather pet cats are given at least one extra meal a day, and it is stated that they sleep all the better for a really good supper.



The latest form of beauty treatment is the open-air one, which should be tried every day and in any weather, but especially when the sun shines. The votary of this cure should be well wrapped up, and should occupy a lounge chair out of doors, with her feet raised from off the ground. Safe under an umbrella she need not fear even the rain, which is one of the best complexion cosmetics it is possible to obtain.

SOCIAL PEEP-SHOW.

But for the death of the Duke of Cambridge the Queen intended spending the week-end at Sandringham to see what progress is being made with the rebuilding and redecoration of her apartments after the recent fire. A good many alterations are being made at Sandringham, which will not be finished for some time; but the King and Queen are not likely to be able to go there now until the middle of the autumn.

Society's Menagerie.

For some years past a great charity entertainment has been one of the events of the London season. Never have they been more successful than when given at the Albert Hall. This year a bazaar is to be given there on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea, and as it will be quite novel, and is under most distinguished

patronage, there is no doubt that it will be a great success.

Lady Cadogan is the chief moving spirit of the bazaar, which takes places on the 21st, 22nd, and 23rd of June, but a great many other important people are helping her.

There are to be thirty stalls, each representing some nursery rhyme or fairy tale, and the whole will be roofed in with a dome of flowers. A Noah's Ark will contain a collection of animals, including Norwegian and Shetland ponies and rare birds. Golf enthusiasts are being catered for for the first time since bazaars have been, and, most interesting of all, I hear there are to be putting competitions on real turf greens under the direct patronage of Mr. Balfour.

Town Houses.

The house in Cadogan-square which Count and Countess Litzow have taken for the season belongs to Lady Lister, who is the widow of Sir Thomas Villiers Lister, and a sister of Lord Belhaven.

The Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh, who are at present staying with Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt on board their yacht at Cannes, intend taking a house in London for the season if

OFFERED THIS WEEK.

By SHAW & CO. Bankruptcy (late) & Love Lane, London. E. HODGSON & SONS, 11, Old Bailey, will sell Ladies' Beautiful Tailor-made Cloth Serge Costume Skirts, in Black or Navy, richly trimmed with Silverette Stuppings, also Linenette Pocket, for the same sum of 2s. 6d. (resale) 4s. extra, and we shall include with each skirt a massive 18ct. gold-pattern curb bracelet with pearls and turquoise and scented forget-me-nots, cased in pure gold. Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Rugs, Curtains, Linens, Skirts, &c., post free. Address: F. HODGSON & SONS (Deas, D.L.R.), Manufacturers and Merchants, WOODLEY ROAD, LEEDS.

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100 to 12-Revera, and 10 to 1 each the others. Won by three parts of a length; three lengths between second and third.

Bankers Like the Terms of the Irish Loan.

A Rush to Borrow.

London and Mr. Sully.

Dock Stocks to the Fore.

Kaffirs were good at first, and then fell away on rumours of a hitch about Chinese labour, it being said that the Chinese Government was taking exceptions. But finally there was foreboding of a general strike, and the Stock Exchange in the market in the Street after the close of the Stock Exchange. The tendency was to change the tendency was good. On the Daggafoamite property the borehole has struck the Bird Reef series at 9,810 ft. The attitude to notice is that the Australians, which, however, were firm, especially Horse- in the West Africans the tendency was not so good. A further passage was made in the morning, and the details to date, but nothing of a very surprising nature.

The following are the closing prices for the day:

COLONIAL AND		FOREIGN RAILS.	
Arg. Gt. West. Ord.	101	"G'd Trk. Guar.	86
Buenos Blanca Pref.	50	"Do 1st Pref.	100
Buenos Ayres G.S. 131	132	"Do 2nd Pref.	84
"Do Pacific	117	"Do 3rd Pref.	35
"Do Western	126	Mexican Railway	25
Rosario Central	84	"Do 1st Pref.	68
"Do Deferred	84	Mexican South	41
Canadian Pacific	116	Nec. Rys. 210 Ord.	61
Grand Trunk Ord.	12		

MINING.			
†Abontakoom ..	2 1/2	Le Roi ..	1 1/2
Anacanda ..	2 1/2	Le Roi No. 2 ..	1 1/2
Anglo ..	2 1/2	L. m'nda Dev. ..	2 1/2
Anglo-French ..	2 1/2	Mag. Agency ..	2 1/2
Anglo ..	2 1/2	Mason & Co. ..	2 1/2
Asb ..	2 1/2	Matchco G. R. ..	2 1/2
Asph. G. F. (New) ..	2 1/2	May Consolidated ..	2 1/2
Assoc. G. M. ..	2 1/2	Meyer & Marsh ..	2 1/2
Banana ..	2 1/2	Montefiore ..	2 1/2
Bantjes ..	2 1/2	Modder Esten ..	2 1/2
Barnato Cons. ..	2 1/2	Mount Lyell ..	2 1/2
Bell ..	2 1/2	Mountain ..	2 1/2
Bell's Prop. ..	10 1/2	Mozambique ..	2 1/2
Bibiani ..	1 1/2	Myrsore Gold ..	2 1/2
Bokburg ..	1 1/2	N. K. ..	2 1/2
Bong ..	2 1/2	New Gold ..	2 1/2
British Gold Coast ..	2 1/2	N. K. Gurili ..	2 1/2
Broken Hill Prop. ..	31 1/2	Niekirk ..	2 1/2

[illegible]

"Miss Mirror" Dines for Fivepence, and
Enjoys the Fare.

Expectation does not run riot at the idea of a
 suppers lunch. It was with some natural trepi-

vation that "Miss Mirror" ascended the winding stair of a house in Barrett-street (Duke-street, Manchester-square), over whose doorway hung a sign with the legend: "Women's Dining Rooms, Ltd."

Arrived on the second floor the sight of the long, light, buff-walled dining-room, with its flower-adorned tables and large windows, was reassuring. By the door, at the receipt of custom, sat a lady who, in return for fivepence received, distributed leaden checks, two for each fivepence, one bearing the promising inscription "Meat," the other labelled "Pudding." The bill of fare was set forth on a blackboard, and the bewildering choice once made, "Miss Mirror" presented her check at the counter with a "Roast mutton, please." As if by magic the desired potatoes as a make-weight, and was carried in triumph to one of the white-covered tables. Its excellent quality emboldened "Miss Mirror" to exchange her pudding check for an appetising sweet, and, plunging to the extent of another penny, she indulged in a cup of very good coffee.

"Pennorths of Pudding."

Oranges, apples, and aerated waters are also to be had by those to whom money is no object.

After lunch further explorations revealed another dining-room on the third floor. Opening of this was a picture-house, with free seats for nothing to all customers, and although the dining-rooms were abandoned on March 7, they are already very popular among the young ladies employed in the large business houses in Oxford-street, Bond-street, and Dover-street. Wisely, the capitalists and employers do not despise the more successful business play which is going on in the millinery establishments and the modiste's work-rooms discussed their fried fish and rice

pudding, a diminutive customer came in with a basin and by dint of standing on tip-toe managed to push it on to the counter with the modest request: "A pennorth of puddin', please."

Passengers last week on the L.C.C.'s tramcars numbered 2,638,988, and the receipts were £10,120, an increase for the week of £1,524.

PRAISE FROM AN ADVERTISER.

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)
I inserted an advertisement in your *Daily Illustrated Mirror* last Saturday for two lady's bicycles for sale, and I beg to inform you of the success of the advertisement. I sold one on Saturday, and have to-day sold the other.

It only shows how your paper is read, and I do assure you I shall, at any time I have anything to sell, always advertise in your successful *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.

VERNON NEVILLE.
46, Wilberforce-road, Finsbury Park, N.,
March 18.

"THE DUKE'S TITLE."

(To the Editor of the *Daily Illustrated Mirror*.)

Your sympathetic words in your leader of this morning on the domestic side of the late Duke of Cambridge's character and life will, I am sure, be welcome to all.

The qualities which the Duke exhibited, his pluck in marrying the woman of his choice, and his constancy to her in face of all opposition, and, above all, the romance attaching to a "love match," appeal very strongly to all true Britons, both men and women.

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When a remedy has been before the public for over fifty years; when it has cured where other medicines failed; when it has brought relief to thousands of sick all over the world; when it has carried health to the suffering, hope to the despondent, and strength to the weak—don't you think such a remedy is a safe one for you?

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are received at the offices of the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" 45 and 46, New Bond Street, W., and 2, Carmelite Street, E.C., between the hours of 10 and 7 (Saturdays, 10 to 2), for insertion in the issue of the following day, at the rate of 12 words 1/- (1d. each word afterwards). Advertisements, if sent by post, must be accompanied by Postal Orders crossed BARCLAY & CO. (stamps will not be accepted).

"Daily Illustrated Mirror" advertisers can have replies to their advertisements sent free of charge to the "Daily Illustrated Mirror" Offices, a box department having been opened for that purpose. If replies are to be forwarded, sufficient stamps to cover postage must be sent with the advertisement.

SITUATIONS WANTED.

Cook.
GENERAL: disengaged; 2 years' excellent ref.; early riser—Hester, 49, Victoria-street, Bristol.

Governess.
GOVERNESS: 26; highly recommended; senior Oxford; English, French, Italian, Latin, and German; 1184, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

Miscellaneous.
LADY clever at working up business will do so for any gentleman wishing to start—B. 16, Winchester-road, Hampstead.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

Cooks.
COOKS (young) wanted immediately for town and country: £30 to £25. House-Pantriesman, £18 to £24; and young Kitchenmaids and Between-Maid—Camden-Bureau, 45, New Bond-street, W.

General Servants.
GENERAL SERVANT wanted by end of month; Church of England; washing done at home; £18; no beer; age 25-30; no registries—Apply Mrs. Forrest, Little Hough-village, Northampton.

GENERAL SERVANT wanted for Bromley, London; 2 in two family; wages £16-£18—Write Mrs. C. care of Smith's, 51, Moorgate-street, E.C.

Miscellaneous.
A GOOD AGENCY, cash or credit; unlimited scope; particulars of John Myers and Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.M.), 161, 172, 173, Westminster Bridge-road, London. Established 1871.

ART—Wanted. Persons who could devote a few hours daily to tinting postcards, print, etc.; good prices; work—Particulars addressed envelope, B. Stafford Works, 21, Stafford-road, Bow, London.

EVENING EMPLOYMENT; addressing envelopes and nominating other addresses—For terms send address envelope North, Department 29, York-buildings, Adelphi, London.

MONEY easily earned at home (either sex); work taken and paid for; thoroughly genuine—Addressed envelope, Cameron and Co., 19, Silver-street, East Dulwich.

YOUTH wanted; must write quickly; addressing principally state age and salary required—Write 1218, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

22 WEEKLY—Evening or spare time employment £2 offered to any person everywhere—For particulars address addressed envelope to Manager, 76, Myre-road, Clapham, London.

COUNTRY APARTMENTS TO LET AND WANTED.
HEATHAM, Norfolk—Boxburgh Boarding House; near sea and station; pretty village; six miles from Saffron-singham, two from Hunstanton; 25s. weekly—Miss Gamble.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE AND WANTED.
CORN—Genuine small cash business going cheap—Particulars 600, Mile End-road.

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BORD'S Pianos—25 per cent. discount for cash, or 14s. 6d. per month; second-hand pianos, short-horned grands, from 25s.; upright grands, 17s. 6d.; 10s. 6d. to 13s. per month on the 3 years' system—O. Riles and Co., 74 and 76, Southampton-row, London, W.C. Pianos exchanged.

PHONOGRAPH; Edison Gram; new; 30s.; 2 records—Maidwell, 34, Westbourne-street, Finsbury.

PIANO; walnut; trichord; good condition; 6 guineas—Davies, 53, Calabrian-road, Highbury, N.

VIOLIN (valuable); marvellous tone; labelled Stradivarius; removed 1890; case, low; sacrifice 18s. 6d.; approval first—Mrs. G. G. Brockington-road, Uxbridge.

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ADVANCES: £10 and upwards—Apply by letter Mr. Bridges, 10, Broadway, Woking.

F. NORTH and Co., 82, Borough High-street, London, E.C., who grant at once £5 to £2,000; repayments, low charges, no fees or fines. Please mention this paper.

LOANS—£25 and upwards; any distance; repay by post—Gould, Bishopsgate, Guildford.

MONEY—If you require an advance promptly completed at a fair rate of interest apply to the old-established Provincial Union Bank, 30, Upper Brook-street, Ipswich.

GARDENING.
CLIFF, the "Rose King," for beautiful Roses; hundreds of testimonials; 12 choice varieties, named, 3s.; 3 hardy numbers, 13s. 6d.; catalogue free—Cliff, Stetchford.

GARDEN LIFE is the largest and best Penny Paper for amateur gardeners; see this week's issue; profusely illustrated with diagrams, and full of hints for seed-sowing and planting; lots of all novelties, or from Hutton House, Great Queen-street, London, E.C.

GARDIOLUS Rows, growing 3ft., with spikes of dandelion; 6 blooms 18in. long; all colours; 30s. 6d. per doz. or 100 5s. post paid—Bogonia and Gloriosa—Collection of 10 double 6 single 6 Gloriosa; for 5s. with natural instructions; two lots for 3s. 6d. post paid—E. Kennedy, Chadwell Heath, Essex.

PRIZE-WINNING Roses, choicest named, 4s. dozen, cash paid; catalogue free—Morris, J.R.H.S., Ashley-street, Birmingham.

50 PACKETS show Flower Seeds, 1s. 1d.; purchasers from this advertisement receive extra presentation packet of huge double sunflower—Daniel Stone, Loudwater, Bucks.

52 PENNY PACKETS of choice flower garden seed, up to 10 different; ample, post free, 1s. 1d.—Imperial Supply Store, 412, Crompton-street, Newington Butts, London.

PETS, LIVE STOCK, AND VEHICLES.
SCOTCH or Aberdeen Terriers—Pups, 2, 3, guineas; adults, 3, 4, guineas; Major Richardson, F.Z.S., Carnoustie, Scotland.

Daily Bargains.

NOTICE.

Remittances should NOT be enclosed in the first instance.

Dress.

A1—EASIEST TERMS—High class tailoring; fashionable suits to measure from 35s.; ladies' Costumes, 55s.; styles, patterns and designs free—Write for booklet "L." W. W. W. 231, Old-street, London, E.C.

A1—Hand and stamp—British India Company, Oxford-street, London.

BAVY'S COMPLETE OUTFIT; 68 articles; 21s. worth; handsome Robe, etc.; approval—Call or write, Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's Bush.

BAVY'S Long Clothes, complete set, 50 articles, very choice, unused; 21s.; approval—Mrs. Max, The Chase, Nottingham.

BARGAINS—Half-dozen assorted hand-tipped Handkerchiefs, 1s. 1d. dozen; ladies' new shape extra supple Lase Collar, 1s.—Star Drapery Company, Herne Bay, Kent.

BOOTS absolutely free—Send stamped envelope for particulars—Twentynine Boot Co., 18, Applegate-street, Leicester.

ELEGANT Ostich Marabout Stoles, rich natural and dark colours; long and full; quite new; 10s. 9d.; worth 50s.; approval—Emanuel, 51, Clapham-road, London.

EVENING Lady should wear our coloured 1s. cashmere Shawls; post free, 1s. 2d.—F. Gillies, Hosiery Warehouse, Rotherham.

FURS—Alexandra Dagmar Necktie and Muff; real Russian fur; worth 4s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; 12s. 6d.; approval—Mabel, 6, Grafton-square, Clapham.

NO Paper Patterns required; any garment cut to measure and prepared for sewing by the D.C.O. Co., Watford, in own or supplied material, at small cost—Particulars free.

REAL Ostich Bos, 6s. 9d. each; manufacturers' bankrupt stock; full and bushy, guaranteed real; worth 37s. 6d.; colour, black, natural, black and white; French grey and auburn—Emanuel, Bankruptcy Association, Clapham-road.

SKAISKIN Jacket; bargain; only 25 15s.; worth 220; quality, state age and salary required—Write 1218, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

SUITS Longs 7s.; Costumings, Coatings, Patterns free—J. Pettigrew, 2, lovely nightdress, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 59, Union-road, Clapham.

THE Smart Set—Ladies' Skirts, correct fit, tailor-made, to measure only, 6s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.; new spring cloths; latest styles; patterns free—Rawling, Redford, North.

UNBREAKABLE Corsets; marvellous; grand; unbreakable; ample sample sent—Knitted Corset Co., Nottingham.

UNDERLINING—8, chemises, chemises, petticoats; 2s. the lot; 2 beautiful night-dresses, 10s. 6d.; approval—Mrs. Scott, 251, Uxbridge-road, Shepherd's Bush.

UNDERLINING: 10s. 6d. parcel; 3 chemises, 3 knickers, 3 petticoats; 2 lovely nightdresses, 10s. 6d.—Eva, 59, Union-road, Clapham.

500 HEAVY Winter Costume Skirts, black and navy, quality, state age and salary required—Write 1218, "Daily Illustrated Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, E.C.

A RICH saddlebag Suite, solid frame, large handsome carpet, rug, etc., 45s. 10s. or any terms; only needs seeing—Hins, 57, Windward-street, London, E.C.

A1 ALWAYS clean; sample briars (guaranteed), 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s.; or post free—The Strawed Pipe Synagogue, 11, St. Paul's, London, E.C.

A1 ASTONISHING OFFER—Get to-day, to-morrow may be too late—Just imported, real hand-made Japanese Heartstrings; rich colourings, handsome designs, endless variety; 1s. 6d. per pair; 2s. 6d. per pair; 3s. 6d. per pair; 4s. 6d. per pair; 5s. 6d. per pair; 6s. 6d. per pair; 7s. 6d. per pair; 8s. 6d. per pair; 9s. 6d. per pair; 10s. 6d. per pair; 11s. 6d. per pair; 12s. 6d. per pair; 13s. 6d. per pair; 14s. 6d. per pair; 15s. 6d. per pair; 16s. 6d. per pair; 17s. 6d. per pair; 18s. 6d. per pair; 19s. 6d. per pair; 20s. 6d. per pair; 21s. 6d. per pair; 22s. 6d. per pair; 23s. 6d. per pair; 24s. 6d. per pair; 25s. 6d. per pair; 26s. 6d. per pair; 27s. 6d. per pair; 28s. 6d. per pair; 29s. 6d. per pair; 30s. 6d. per pair; 31s. 6d. per pair; 32s. 6d. per pair; 33s. 6d. per pair; 34s. 6d. per pair; 35s. 6d. per pair; 36s. 6d. per pair; 37s. 6d. per pair; 38s. 6d. per pair; 39s. 6d. per pair; 40s. 6d. per pair; 41s. 6d. per pair; 42s. 6d. per pair; 43s. 6d. per pair; 44s. 6d. per pair; 45s. 6d. per pair; 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